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Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURE, MECHANIC ARTS, LITERATURE, NEWS, &c.

BADGER & MANLEY, Publishers and Proprietors. "OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN." TERMS: Two Dollars per annum, in Advance.

VOL. LIX. AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY, JANUARY 1, 1891. No. 8.

Events to Occur.

Annual Meeting of Board of Agriculture—At Augusta, Jan. 21 and 22.
Yarmouth Poultry Association—At Yarmouth, Jan 13–16. F. E. Gove, Sec'y.
Androscoggin Poultry and Pet Stock Association—At Lewiston, Jan. 20–22. J. F. Putnam, Sec'y.

John Gould, a noted lecturer at Western Institutes, in discussing fall plowing made the sweeping statement: "Bare land always loses." Is this fully in accord with modern teaching? Who will answer?

Prof. Whitcher in his lecture at the East Auburn Institute, stated that fully twenty per cent. of the food contents of the crop stored in the silo was destroyed by the changes taken on.

The *Woman's Journal* offers prizes for postal card communications from women in Massachusetts on market gardening as a business for women. This is good—nothing will popularize work with the soil so much as to have women engaged in it.

See to it that there is no ice in the water furnished to stock this cold weather. Our practice is to empty the tub after watering the stock when it will be clean from ice when wanted again. Water directly from the bottom of a well is not so cold but stock will drink it readily and freely. It pays to take some pains in this matter.

It is probable the State Pomological Society will hold its winter meeting at Bangor in connection with the State Board of Agriculture. The meeting will be held some time in February. There will be an exhibition of winter fruits on the occasion for which fruit growers should save up specimen samples. New varieties and all the late introductions not generally known will be especially desired for object lessons.

State Master McDaniels of the New Hampshire Grange, thus endorses in his annual address the new movement for "agriculture in the common schools:" Let our common schools have text-books on agricultural subjects, especially upon the growth of common plants, trees, shrubs and vines. In this way our boys and girls may be taught to investigate natural things and realize the wonderous work of God in nature, as well as in revelation. To this we would add political economy and the laws of business in agriculture.

Some of the sweet corn raisers in the town of Fryeburg have introduced the practice of plowing in the fodder after the ears are taken to the factory. One farmer plowed in a field of six acres last autumn of heavy growth of stalks. Whether good results come of this practice or not, it is a most wasteful course to pursue. Well preserved, this fodder is worth as much as a common quality of hay. Better feed it to milch cows when nearly all the manurial contents may be returned to the soil.

Director-General Davis has appointed Mr. William I. Buchanan, Columbian Exposition Commissioner from Iowa and Chairman of the Commission's Committee on Agriculture, to the position of Chief of the Bureau of Agriculture of the World's Fair. Mr. Buchanan is a capitalist of Sioux City, who has long been entensively identified with agricultural interests, and was the projector and manager of the remarkably successful "corn palaces" built at Sioux City, and therefore appears to possess qualifications for the discharge of the duties of the position. The Chief of the Bureau of Live Stock has not yet been selected.

The reports made at the annual meetings of the State Granges of Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Maine show increasing interest in the order, and a still further gain in membership. In Massachusetts there are 111 Granges with a membership of 9000; in New Hampshire 124 Granges of 9000; and in Maine we have 221 Granges with the grand membership of 16,803. Belonging to the order and taking an active part in its work are some of the most intelligent of the people, and made up of such material the Grange cannot fail to become an important factor in the advancement of New England agriculture.

We believe in just these sentiments. They ought to be read and re-read at every Maine fireside. In a discussion at the late meeting of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture Mr. J. H. Hale said he had been in every part of the United States and many of the newer sections quite recently; he has come to the conclusion that if New England had been boomed by capitalists and speculators as have other sections, there would have been such a rush here as has never been known anywhere else in the whole American continent. Even without the booming there are more comfortable and attractive looking homes here than in any other part of the Union. There is no danger of New England being left out in the cold.

At the annual meeting of the Wisconsin State Grange the committee on resolutions reported as follows, and the same was accepted:

The Constitution of the United States gives to Congress the power to coin money and to regulate its value, but it does not give the power to delegate or regulate that of value to the National banks, which it virtually has done. Therefore,

Resolved, It is the demand of the Wisconsin State Grange that the Government issue its money direct to the people without the intervention of National banks, and that all money put in circulation, of every name and nature, be a legal tender for all debts.

Resolved. That we demand the passage of stringent laws prohibiting the dealing in futures of all agricultural products. Believing in equal rights, therefore, we demand that taxation shall not be used to build up one industry at the expense of another.

Resolved, That railroad charters, being a grant from the people, be controlled for the benefit of the people by the people.

Elsewhere the full announcement is given of the Dairymen's Conference, to be held at Winthrop. This will be a rare opportunity for dairymen from all parts of the State to assemble together for consultation, over this important branch of our

when fed for whatever purpose. Feeding for the best possible results and at the lowest practicable outlay for food material would require that the different food nutrients needed should be furnished in the proportions called for by the wants in the case. This is exactly what is meant by balanced rations.

Economic feeding, then,—profitable feeding—requires that the feeder must know something of balancing rations and must put that knowledge into his work in order to succeed. No stock feeder, then, can afford to ignore what is written or said in this connection. There is money coming to him from the application of this knowledge to his work. Hardly a single fodder material is fully adapted to bring the best possible results. But when we come to the coarser materials like straw, corn fodder and low ground hay, we all know they are wide from what is needed for good work. Supplying the defects of an inferior fodder material balances the food nutrients, and out of the combinations good results will be secured.

A thousand pound cow giving milk will require of digestible albuminoid material 2.5 pounds and of carbohydrates 13.5 pounds, or about in that proportion. In order to feed hay and straw with good results a mixed ration should be made up each day in about the following proportions:

	Albuminoids.	Carbohydrates.
English hay, 12 lbs	.72 lbs.	5 42 lbs.
Oat straw, 10 lbs.....	.21 "	4 47 "
Corn and cob meal, 4 lbs	.31 "	2.81 "
Cotton seed meal, 2½ lbs	.89 "	1.17 "
	2.13	13 87
Clover hay, 12 lbs.....	.96	5 00
Corn fodder, 10 lbs.....	.32	4 08
Middlings, 4 lbs.....	.36	2.32
Cotton seed meal, 2 lbs.	.68	1.16
	2.30	12.06

Either of the above rations, though not exactly balanced, will make a good feed ration for cows in milk or for growing young stock. The first ration would be improved by substituting corn fodder for the oat straw. By balancing the ration in this way a given quantity of the food nutrients in the straw or the corn fodder is made as valuable as a like amount of the same in the good hay. The animal is thus made to do its best and at the same time all the fodder material is utilized. It is money in the pocket of the feeder, therefore, to study the matter of balanced rations and govern his feeding accordingly.

State Fair Premium Butter.

The first prize on dairy print butter at the State Fair, last fall, was awarded to a Winthrop butter maker who has before and at other fairs been successful in winning honors in the same line. Thinking it would be of interest to other dairymen in the State to learn the details through which so good an article was secured, we extended a request to the party to give her practice to the readers of the *Farmer*, and have just received the following reply, for which our readers will join with us in thanks:

Editor of Farmer: I have neglected to answer you so long that I am ashamed to write now, but I think perhaps it is better late than never. I was so very busy we was the reason I did not do as you requested, and I hope you will excuse me. I thank you for the compliment that you gave me in the *Maine Farmer*.

We made our butter for the State Fair precisely as we always make it the year around, except that the cows were fed a little better; they were having at that time one feed of sweet corn, fed ears and stalks, with the corn filled out enough to boil; also one feed of good second cut meadow hay, fed morning and night; for grain they were fed one quart of corn meal, two quarts of shorts and one pint of oil meal twice a day to each cow. We have seven cows, three of them are bred Jerseys and the remainder high grades.

We take great pains to keep our milk clean and free from any odor of the barn. We set our milk in the Cooley Creamer. The cans are taken in the barn and as soon as a cow is milked, the milk is strained and covered. The temperature of the water in the creamer is kept at about 50 degrees. The milk is skimmed every morning and is never allowed to set more than twenty-four hours. The cream is kept at as cool a convenient until the morning previous to churning, when it is warmed to 62 degrees in summer and 72 in winter and kept at that temperature for twenty-four hours, or ripe and ready to churn. When the cream is stirred three or four times daily from the time it is skimmed until churned. We churn twice a week the year around. The churning is done in a barrel churn, and the work is continued until the grain of butter are about as big as acorns; then the buttermilk is drawn off, and the butter is washed in clear water until the water is clear, or nearly so. Then it is worked in a lower worker, the water being taken out with a cloth, what does not run off, until dry. Then it is salted, the salt well worked into it, and printed immediately. During the winter our cows are fed either with sugar beets or ensilage, daily, and the same grain rations as in the fall. Cotton seed meal we do not feed at all to milch cows.

Respectfully yours,
MRS. A. W. BACHELDER.
East Winthrop.

Scab.

Mr. Editor: Will you please tell me through the *Farmer* what will cure scab on sheep? I have one that has it. Will you tell me also if people will catch it while tending them? I am using sulphur and lard. And oblige a reader.

Yours truly, R. E. J.

Scab is the effect of a minute insect that burrows in the skin of the sheep, and multiplies very rapidly. There are various remedies. Tobacco has always been a favorite American remedy. Saturate with the decoction the parts affected, and rub in thoroughly. If the disease has scattered over the sheep it will be necessary to wash all over.

Another remedy is to take common mercurial ointment and rub it down with three or four times its weight in lard. Rub a little of this ointment into the base of the wool on the head of the sheep, then open the wool along the line of the back of the sheep from the head to the tail, and rub thoroughly in this ointment with the finger. Make another furrow on each side and about four inches from the first, and apply in the same way. Repeat till you go over the whole sheep.

These remedies seem to require considerable time, but it is a choice between thorough work or the loss of the sheep.

The disease is very readily and surely transmitted to other sheep, but not to the attendant.

Working Up Institutes.

There are comparatively few places in the State where a Farmers' Institute will be found to be well attended and in all respects a full success without an effort somewhere to work the matter up, keep it before the people and get all hands interested in it. This work must be done by the local member or by some parties equally interested in its success, and who are willing to take upon themselves the needed labor. Outside parties, however capable, cannot do this work. If there is not sufficient interest on the part of those immediately concerned to take this needed work in hand, the idea of an institute may as well be abandoned without effort.

On the other hand, there are few neighborhoods in the State where well directed efforts put forth by the right parties would not work up a large and profitable meeting. Effort is the price put upon success in whatever direction it may be desired, and in no place more than with Farmers' Institutes.

Our Illustration.

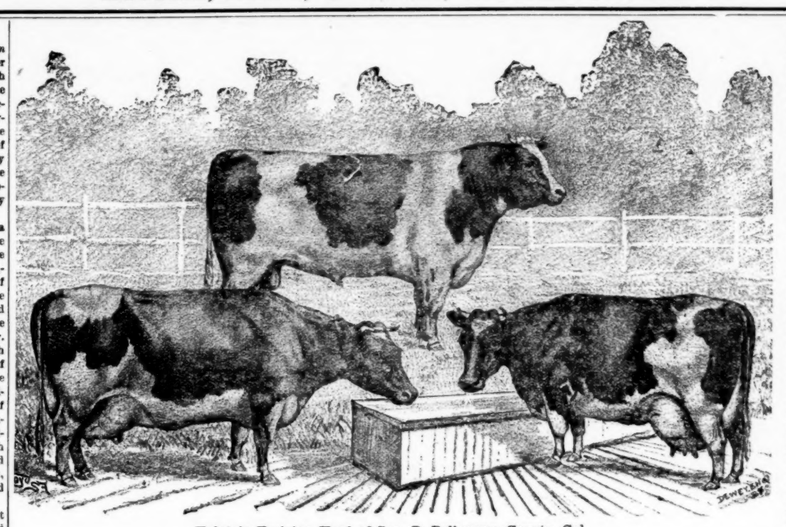
We are indebted to the *Holstein-Freisian Register*, published at Brattleboro, Vt., for the fine engraving in this number, which gives representative portraits from the Holstein-Freisian herd of Geo. B. Polhemus of Coyote, Santa Clara county, California, which is rated as now standing at the head of the Holstein-Freisian interest of that State. The animals, as depicted by the artist from recent photographs, are eloquent exponents of the dairy points upon which the breed is advancing so rapidly in popular esteem and patronage.

The bull shown in the background is a grand animal and stands at the head of the Cerro Alegre herd. He is King Aaggie Clothilde, born May 14, 1888, Reg. No. 10,152. The six nearest female ancestors of this bull have butter records that average 22 lbs., 5½ ounces of butter in a week, and his eight nearest female ancestors average 16,617 lbs., 6 ounces of milk in a year. Very few bulls ever known can show such average records for so large a number of ancestors. His breeding comprises the richest strains yet known to Holstein breeders. His sire is the highest-priced bull of this breed in the world. His dam is considered one of the best of the Aaggie family. He is a magnificent individual, with unusually fine head, splendid skin, good neck, excellent chest, broad, fine loin, straight, broad, lengthy rump, deep, broad quarter and elegant escutcheon.

The cows shown by the artist are fit companions for the King of the Aaggie and Clothilde families. Great Van Diepan, 6018 HHB, AR 860, was imported from Holland, April 21, 1884, being then a yearling. Her milk test began March 21, 1889, and closed Jan. 17, 1890, during which period she produced 12,188 lbs., 11½ ozs. milk. A second test began May 5, 1890, and up to June 30, 1890, she produced 3890 lbs., 15½ ounces—an average of nearly 70 lbs. per day. One day's milking was 79 lbs., 12 ounces.

The other cow is Fansje, 24, 9042 HHB; AR 613, whose dam Fansje, is 614 Advanced Register, was calved Feb. 28, 1886. She began her first test for Advanced Registry for July 10, 1888. She made a ten-day record of 421 lbs., 3½ ozs. A later ten-day test, eight months after calving, began Feb. 22, 1889, and she made a record of 227 lbs., 2 ozs., which placed her on the Advanced Register, the first from that State. She began her three-year record May 11, 1889, closing May 10, 1890, with a record for the year of 13,923 lbs., 14½ ozs. One day's milking was 61 lbs., 5 ozs. as a three-year-old. She dropped a heifer calf, sire King Aaggie Clothilde, Aug. 18, 1890.

The Cerro Alegre herd has many notable animals besides those pictured by the artist. One of its members, Rebecca Eymond, won the State milking contest of 1889 at Sacramento, and her record under great disadvantages was the largest ever made in our public tests. At Santa Clara County Fair, 1889, the same cow won the one-day milk contest open to all breeds, and at the same county fair, 1890, five members of the herd stood first, second, third, fourth and fifth in a test open to all breeds, the five cows averaging over seven gallons of milk per cow.



Holstein-Freisian Herd of Geo. B. Polhemus, Coyote, Cal.

The Future Outlook for Pork.

Eastern farmers will do well to study closely the signs, that they may be found on deck when the tide turns in the raising and feeding of pigs. That the great supply of pork, as of beef, is made in the West where the bulk of the corn crop is grown, is known to all. That Western farmers have been feeding corn to pigs at a loss the past autumn is also true, and as a consequence every possible effort has been made to unload as quickly as practicable. The same condition, proportionately, obtains here, and as a result pigs will be in short supply next spring and summer, while pork will advance. Now is the time to do just the opposite, and thus be prepared to take advantage of the situation which is sure to come. A correspondent of the *Swine Breeders' Journal* says:

"Feeders that are fattening hogs and selling, are feeding 50 cent corn and selling pork at $3.50 per hundred pounds, at a loss on corn of 15 cents on the bushel. There has been a wonderful disposition all around to unload the hog. No fall fitter of pigs is being saved, nor is there a desire to save them."

This is declared to be a mistaken and suicidal business. But what are those without food going to do? If they have money of course they can buy feed, but not many farmers are flush of money these times. He concludes:

"Every pig that comes next spring will have a good future profit for its owner. You cannot afford to lose pigs that have been generated in corn or cheap hog breeders will certainly reap a good harvest for their fine pigs further on, to supply the deficiency of the brood sows that have been shipped for the want of corn to keep them on the farm."

Inspection of Fertilizers.

Part I of the annual report of the Director of the Agricultural Experiment Station for the passing year, giving the results of the analysis of the several brands of fertilizers sold in the State the past year, has been issued from the station and sent out to all parties whose names are on the mailing list. Others wishing this report have only to apply to the station for them when they will be forwarded without cost. Every farmer purchasing and using these manures, should study this report carefully. It is a fact that must not be lost sight of that the contents of these manures as found by the analysis reliably represents their fertilizing value. In regard to the system of selling fertilizers in this State, the report very properly says in closing:

This multiplicity of brands of fertilizers can but be regarded as unfortunate. They all contain the same valuable ingredients of plant food, and in a large percentage of the leading brands are found so nearly the same quantities of nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash, and in the same forms, that it makes very little difference which the farmer buys. In spite of this fact, scores of agents are making special claims for their particular fertilizers which they represent, on the ground of, by their possessing qualities superior to all competing goods, a claim that in most cases has not the slightest foundation in fact, and originates wholly in business zeal. Such a state of the fertilizer trade must certainly tend to confuse the farmer, and retard his accepting the correct standards which should control the purchase of plant food.

The real object of buying a fertilizer is to secure certain elements of plant food which it contains, elements which have as definite prices as sugar, flour or iron, prices which are quoted and are authoritative in commercial circles. In other words a pound of nitrogen or potash is sold to manufacturers for so much, just as retailers buy flour or sugar at certain prices. There is no reason why the consumer should should not buy his nitrogen or potash in the same way, and the time is undoubtedly coming when this will be done. Now trade names are made much of, but with a more rational method trade names will disappear, and nitrogenous, or phosphatic or potash material will be sold as such and will be rated according to what it contains. Then the farmer will tell his neighbor that he has purchased so many pounds of nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash, instead of so many pounds of "Blank Bros." Lightning Crop Lifter."

Maine Breeders of A. J. C. C. Cattle.

At the last State Fair at Lewiston, a preliminary meeting of the breeders of American Jersey Cattle Club cattle in this State was held, at which steps were taken looking to the organization of the breeders of these cattle into an association, having for its object the encouragement and promotion of the Jersey cattle interests. At that meeting a temporary organization was effected, and a committee raised to draft a constitution and a code of by-laws. We gave in our last issue the result of the recent meeting in Auburn, with the election of officers. The following is a copy of the constitution adopted, with list of members attached:

Preamble and Constitution of the A. J. C. C. Breeders' Association of Maine:

Whereas, Kindness of disposition, vigor of constitution, adaptability to the extremes of climate, early maturity, ability to give more in return for the food consumed than any other breed of milch cattle, persistency in yielding milk the year round, marvelous capacity for butter production, and, finally, prepotency over all other breeds, in giving in her offspring her own incomparable qualities, are characteristics of the thoroughbred Jersey cow; and

Whereas, Any and every instrumentality that shall tend, directly or indirectly, to create and foster the interest in dairy farming in Maine, and particularly to bring into greater prominence this most valuable breed of dairy cattle, ought to be regarded as promotive of the public welfare; and

Whereas, It is believed that the establishment of an association, to be composed of men who have already attained eminence as careful and successful breeders of thoroughbred Jerseys, will tend to give, in a more certain impetus to the breeding of this race of cattle in our State, and thereby aid in promoting the interests of our agricultural community; therefore, we whose names are subscribed hereto, in meeting assembled in the city of Auburn, this 17th day of December, 1890, do create and establish an association, to be known as "The A. J. C. C. Cattle Club Breeders' Association of Maine," and do ordain for our guidance and government, the following constitution:

ARTICLE I.
OBJECT.

To unite the breeders of thoroughbred Jersey cattle in Maine, by the establishment and maintenance of honorable and cordial relations among them, and by co-operation, so as to advance their general interests: to collect and disinformation in regard to thoroughbred Jersey cattle in Maine, the names and address of all Jersey breeders, the number of Jersey cattle in the State, etc.; to inculcate and maintain sound principles in breeding, both in theory and practice, in order to produce the most perfect cattle which shall yield the greatest profit; to disseminate a knowledge of the characteristics and merits of this breed of cattle; and finally, aid in the diffusion of such stock for the improvement of the common cattle of the State, and the consequent advancement of the general dairy interest.

ARTICLE II.
MEMBERSHIP.

All breeders or owners of thoroughbred Jersey cattle (recorded in the Herd Register of the American Jersey Cattle Club) who are residents of the State of Maine, having first been approved by the board of managers, may become members of this association upon the payment of a fee of one dollar, and such annual dues, not to exceed two dollars, as may be prescribed at each annual meeting. The failure of any member to pay such annual dues within thirty days after they shall have become due, shall work a forfeiture of all the privileges of membership.

ARTICLE III.
OFFICERS.

The officers of this association shall be a President, Vice President, and three Directors, who, with the President and Vice President, shall constitute a Board of Managers.

SECTION 2.
ELECTIONS.

The President and Vice President shall be elected annually, and at the first election under the constitution the three Directors shall be chosen in three classes, one to serve one year, one to serve two years, and one to serve three years, and at each subsequent election a sufficient number shall be chosen to fill the board, a majority of which shall constitute a quorum.

SECTION 3.

A Secretary and Treasurer shall be appointed annually by the Board of managers.

SECTION 4.

All elections shall be by ballot at the annual meeting. The board of managers may fill all vacancies in their own number, or in the office of Secretary and Treasurer, to hold office only until the next annual election, or until their successors shall be elected and qualified.

ARTICLE IV.
MEETINGS.

The annual meeting of the association shall be held on Wednesday of State Fair week, at 2 o'clock P. M., in the exhibition building at Lewiston, and notice shall be sent to each member, by the Secretary, ten days previous.

ARTICLE V.

The board of managers shall manage the affairs of the association under such regulations and restrictions as the association may from time to time prescribe, and shall call special meetings of the association on the written request of ten members of the association, for the consideration or discussion of any question of special interest.

ARTICLE VI.

The President shall preside over the meetings, and shall have the general supervision of the affairs of the association, and may call the board of managers together; or at the written request of three members, shall call the board together, and order the Secretary to give notice at least ten days previous. The Vice President shall perform all the duties of President whenever the latter shall be inexpacitated from acting.

ARTICLE VII.
EXPULSION OF MEMBERS.

Should it occur that any member of this association shall be charged with willful misrepresentation in regard to an animal bred or owned by him, or any other act derogatory to the standing of the association, the board of managers shall examine into the matter, upon complaint being made in writing by a member of the association; and having first summoned the offending member to appear before the board, if such charge is sustained by sufficient proof, it shall suspend such offending member from the privileges of the association until the next annual meeting of the association, and at such annual meeting he may be expelled by a two-thirds vote, provided an opportunity shall have been given such offending member to be heard in his own defence.

ARTICLE VIII.

The constitution may be altered or amended by a two-thirds vote of the members present at any annual meeting, provided that a written notice of such proposed amendment shall have been filed with the Secretary at least thirty days previous to the day of meeting, and shall have been embodied by him in the annual call.

School of Agriculture.

The new departure in education for farmers has technically been named a "Short Course in Agriculture." But let's call things by their right names. The demand that has called such a course of study into existence is for an educational training specially adapted to the fitting of the student for the business of the farm. A *School of Agriculture* fittingly expresses the kind and character of the work called for, and is a better name to stand for it. A "short course" carries with it the idea that it is but partial, fragmentary, and therefore inferior. Such a school in no sense calls our a comparison with a college course. It is a school of itself, and the fitting name is a School of Agriculture.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

Thoughts, Wise and Otherwise.

There is no more delicious or easily raised fruit in our cold northeast than that of the plum. The black-knot is its worst enemy, rendering the life of the tree short, and its last years curtailed in productiveness. The cureculio is of less consequence, as the more hardy, thick skinned varieties are cultivated, not much damage will arise from this source. The plum is a fine dessert fruit, and sells at sight in all the home markets at fancy prices. It is superior for a canned fruit. Many housekeepers have discovered that competition that obtains among many other kinds of fruit. Take a piece of good corn land near the buildings, and put it into a good condition of fertility by a liberal dose of barn-yard manure, ashes, bone meal and plaster. Order the trees direct from some reliable grower. They will cost 25 to 50 cts. each, when delivered at the farm ready to set, 4 to 6 ft. high, and first-class in quality. Set them apart, as they will probably not live to crowd at this distance. Cultivate the ground often with a horse cultivator, using a very short whipletree with protected ends. Run a poultry-yard around the trees, with a movable wire border ten or fifteen feet wide, clip the hen's wings and put in the hens, chickens and poultry; prune with thumb and finger and jack-knife; the second year you will get some fruit. The trees will grow and vegetate vigorously. The third, fourth and fifth years will be the paying crops; beyond this it is luck and chance with black-knot. Cut off every knot as it appears, and burn every particle of it, or your trees are surely doomed. Every three or four years make a new plantation of plum trees on new land, and set the old plantation out in strawberries, excluding the poultry. Give the plum trees each spring a top-dressing of ashes and fine bone meal. Pick as soon as ripeness begins, sort carefully and market in attractive, neat boxes or crates. Peddle if necessary from house to house, or dispose of retail profit. Subscribe for the *Maine Farmer* and be happy.

Cheap meat is a good thing for the consumer, but not particularly so for the producer. There is practically no call for stock in Maine this year. Once in a while enquiry is made for a good new milch cow. No one seems to want young stock at any price, and those that are wintering such seem to have no faith in it, and that it is a part of economy, as they only have something to consume their hay. Dairying is not in much favor with most farmers, and the margin in it is small, and often under present conditions on the wrong side of the account. Sheep and steers are at a big discount, which is very discouraging and ought not to be. On the average one hardly gets pay in their raising for the straw used in bedding. Great Western beef extractor horses are to nearly all our cities and from these the city and village markets are supplied, and even the butcher and meat carts peddling beef through the country side. Nine-tenths of the Maine swine are farmed with Western corn, the Western farmer growing poorer by raising, and the Eastern farmer by using it. Nine-tenths of the grain rations fed to dairy cows in Maine comes from the West. The Maine farmer furnishes hay and water and pasture and shelter, but the largest item in the expense account of dairy foods is brought from beyond the Mississippi. With all the labor and uncertainty, the care and risk, the narrow margin, the best of the best managed dairies, there seems to be no great growth of interest in the business. "Dairying is the only branch of farm cattle husbandry that pays anything," we often hear remarked, and this alone does great inducement at the present time. There is something in it, however, theoretically, if not pratically, about using the hay crop at home, making more and better manure, and building the farm up. But it would take an expert to build up the farm so it would hold its own in value in the market against other adverse influences.

We have been trying to study the situation in the light of recent events, and are still studying. We are on the edge of a vast upheaval of the farming classes. The first warnings have passed away unheeded. The preliminary manifestations have been of the ridicule, but the more recent events have startled by their magnitude and effectiveness. They are but the first waves of the coming storm, we think. Old combinations will be overturned, and rings and trusts and speculation will be stamped out. There is a great depression in farming, East, West, North, South; all other callings, professions and kinds of business are prosperous. This tends to chafe the unprosperous vocation and its votaries. The steady depreciation of farms and farm lands shows that there is something wrong in the political and industrial economy of the State and nation.

A recent article in a contemporary paper goes on to say that now that the public lands are sold off, used up, "stoppage of supply of new land, etc.," we are in consequence on the verge of a sort of millennium for farmers. They begin by saying, "There is evidently at hand a boom in farming." We most devoutly hope so, but it is hardly safe for any to brag until well out of the woods. Looking around we are tempted to doubt the statements of our oracle in regard to the stoppage of supply of new lands. In Maine we have not developed half of our area yet. This is true of most of the States of the Union. There is land to give away, land to sell, land to let, and land to subsidize railroads with left. There is the arid lands to come in yet, a recent estimate giving an enormous aggregate of the government land. Then the Eastern farmers can have no reasonable hope for a long time to come from the non-competion of new, cheap lands. The rates of increase of population is shown by the last census as falling off, consequently there is a falling off in ratio of increase of consumers and consumption of food products, while the ratio of increase of production is increased by use of machinery and improved methods. Larger average production and decreased average consumption causes an overplus of product, and consequent increased competition in sales, and results in depressed prices, and depressed prices of improved farm land and farm values. This causes stringency in the finances of farmers, and the farming communities. Lower freight rates must be had by carriers, handlers, middlemen, producers and dealers. Legislation must be made and maintained, impartially executed, so that there shall be greater returns realized by the producer, and less to the dealer and carrier thereof.

The Western and Southern farmers are more restless and outspoken than the Eastern farmers, and movements among them are more decided and emphatic toward righting the wrongs and rights of their labor. Organizations there of farmers for the vindication and maintainance of their rights are more widespread and thorough than in New England, and they are beginning to be felt by the old political parties, and if not heeded and conceded will be still greater overturns in the next elections. It is true that some wild and visionary schemes have been advanced, and some demands made that ought not to be acceded to, but in the main the agricultural grievances are right, and will continue so and to demand their rights and equality of fostering care by the government, and it will be well for all other interests to quickly and justly consider the subject unbedded, and not be taken or acquired The farming communities of this country are too intelligent and too independent to long submit to improper encroachments of other classes.

The recent meeting of the New York State agricultural farm, whereby a burnt offering was made of forty head of cows and horses by burning stables, the recent slaughter of stock at the New Hampshire Experiment Station, and our own State Farm at Orono, gives the impression that these institutions are expensive luxuries, or something else in the stock line. Why should so startling disasters follow where there is so much knowledge and brains, and why do these fatalities happen in so marked a degree in these agricultural temples, that would discredit the common farmers of the several States if they allowed such things to happen to such a degree as is done in the institutions? It is very unfortunate in all directions that these things are permitted to occur at State and national educational institutions.

J. W. L.

For the Maine Farmer.

Something About Wood.

The long cold winter is upon us, brother farmers, and are you prepared for it? Have you an abundance of good, dry hard wood, handy and under cover to keep old Boreas at a distance? Or, are you already beginning to burn green wood? If you are burning green wood, let this be your last winter that you do it. It don't pay, in more ways than one; it is poor economy. I am sorry to say it, but with a very few exceptions it is due entirely to shiftlessness. I don't expect any one to differ with me, but in case they do I will cite a few reasons why one should not burn green wood. First, it takes more green wood to heat a room of a certain size than it does of dry. Second, it will burn out a stove from three to five years quicker than the same amount of fire from dry wood. Third, a fire from green wood requires constant attention or it will go out, making a "mighty poor fire." You can put a dry stick of wood in on a few coals and in a moment you have a fire, while you must keep your stove full of green wood all the time, or else your fire is out. Then they could not be fed from the wood keeps the women folks in a fret all the time, and the men folks in hot water, and they ought to be kept there, too, if they make their wives burn green wood.

I had a sad lack here, if I wished to burn it this winter, just for the spending part alone, eight and one-half cords of dry, hard wood as ten cords of the same in a green state. Now what is gained by burning green wood? Do the increase time by it? Do you get it cut any cheaper? You answer "No," to each of these questions, what then do you gain? Nothing. Then why don't you plan to cut your wood the season before hand, and not shiftedly along from hand to mouth, or rather from the chopping block to the stove all the time. Some say cut it when the sap is up, others when the sap is down, but I should say that by cut it a farmer's loss, until it long enough before hand to have it well dried before you wish to burn it. It will take no longer to cut twenty cords in the woods now than it will next year at this season, and if you can pile it in good shape now, mark up, it will be in prime condition next fall. It won't be more than two-thirds as heavy to haul then as it is now, and the distance from the house. Some cut and put into the wood house direct from the pile green, but I think it is worth more piled in good shape and dried out of doors. Wood, especially second growth wood, is quite apt to doze and mould if put under cover of a close shed while yet in a green state. Let's cut an extra ten cords this winter and have it drying for next year.

Rumford. S. HUTCHINS.

For the Maine Farmer.

That Horse Legislation.

There seems to be an idea in the heads of the horse breeders of Maine that the common farmers are fools, and neither know what they want or need, and so they propose to have some legislation this winter to protect them in their ignorance. Now, gentlemen, we admire your generous, unselfish feelings, but we advise you not to labor too hard in our behalf, unsolicited, for when we get so demented that we do not know a horse when we see one, we will choose a committee and wait on you magnanimous gentlemen, and implore you to become our guardians. If a farmer wishes to raise a colt he consults his own ability, and not that of horse breeders, who know but little of his condition, and care less, and who are not willing to let supply and demand regulate prices, but demand in many instances prices which are altogether out of his reach; and as necessity compels him to do something, as the old mare will soon be going down hill, and if he does not raise one he must do without, for he does not see how he can buy, as perhaps last year's taxes are not paid, and he has sickness in his family, which is increasing his indebtedness at a fearful rate; so he makes the best trade he can and obtains something that answers his purpose very well. We claim that if we like the cross, and wish to breed to a camel, it is not any of horse breeders' business. It is not the trouble with farmers that they will not avail themselves of opportunities, but that they do not have the opportunities to avail themselves of. It is just such legislation as proposed that has made the business of the farmer such up-hill work.

When we see people so solicitous for our welfare, without our asking, we begin to look for some sharp practices, and why not? When any class in this country wish to get an advantage by legislation, they profess that they are trying to protect somebody else beside themselves. The editor seems to disclaim anything but pure, unselfish love for us on the part of the horse breeders, but there is a story older than any horse breeder in Maine, and purer, too, about one Judas, when he was bent on betraying the Christ that he was so friendly that he actually kissed Him. Keep that picture in view, brother farmers, when any one professes to help you in the way designed by these gentlemen. If the thousands of farmers in Maine were outspoken like "Small Farmer" and O. Meader, this thing would not have been entertained; but they are waking, they begin to stretch and yawn, and by '92 may be able to speak for themselves.

Let us turn this thing and take another view. Suppose that part of the money raised and paid by the State, is loaned away at the college, (so far as agriculture is concerned,) was used in a way that might benefit the common farmer; that it be used in purchasing some fine stallions of approved breeds, something of value to the farmers of Maine, and place them in different locations, at a nominal fee to pay expenses, I think the farmers of this section are not such fools but that they would appreciate the benefit, and would patronize them in place of much of the worthless, shanked stuff which many horse breeders have to offer; for after many of them have trotted a mile or so they want to walk, and walk till perhaps you freeze to death.

Now, gentlemen, I have supposed the above, and suppose it should obtain, what a howl would go up from the horse breeders because the State was interfering with their business. Why, if such legislation is enacted, the next we shall hear is that the men men will want a law passed for their benefit, to prevent farmers from "setting a hen" unless they buy the eggs of some of the fancy hen breeders, and will want offensive legislation (?) (to the common people) to see that there are no violations of their law, and as the poultry interest is much better than the horse interest, the law would be just as wise and sensible.

Again, gentlemen, the common farmers are not the fools you picture them, but do many seemingly unwise things, not from choice, but from stern, unrelenting necessity. So "give us a rest" from class legislation. P. O. SPINNEY.

For the Maine Farmer.

How Relief Must Come.

Ever and anon, some writer upon agricultural subjects comes out with a long-winded article, and attempts to prove that the golden age of farming is about to burst upon us. But in the last issue of the *Farm*, of November, by C. Wood Davis, wherein he tries to show that the increase of population in this country will in a few years absorb the entire surplus of farm products now exported, and as a result, bring largely increased prices for farm crops. Admitting that eighty-five per cent. of the arable land of the country is now classed as improved, it does not follow that it is cultivated in such a way as to yield the greatest amount at the least expense, relative to the crop produced. When we look at the matter from the farmer's point of view, we very quickly come to the conclusion that the era of high prices, caused by a deficient supply, will not dawn upon us within, at least, a century. However much we might like high prices for all farm crops, with an active demand for the same, it is, nevertheless, best to look the stubborn facts squarely in the face, and to accept the facts just as they exist—not as we would like to have them.

For three years men have been preaching that an advance on beef cattle would surely follow in a few years; yet it does not. Men may go on testifying the "same old lie" for three years more, and still we shall have to sell cattle for less than we would like to get. The plain fact is, that the farms of this country are now stocked to more than one-half that they can be made to carry. And if a slight advance in meat products should occur, the farm stock would be increased rapidly, and prices would settle to their normal basis.

In the *Forum*, Prof. Davis claims that an increase of four millions in our population would absorb our entire food product. If the farms of this country were all run at their full carrying capacity, this would be true. But when the farms of the land are not producing more than one-half that they are capable of growing, it is difficult to see how a small increase of population is to raise prices to a paying point, when a large portion of the land classed as improved is not such in reality. Pastures are left to grow up to bushes, fields are over-run with weeds, or left without fertilization to produce what they may, (which is apt to be a little less than enough to pay any profit) crops are planted and left to shift for themselves, farmers are loafing round the village store, or "tailing" over the fence, when they ought to be minding their business; and in many ways is there a loss where profit might be had. It is safe to say that the people of this country might be doubled, and more than double be fed from the soil and clothed with the products of the mills of our own land.

Wherever we may turn to find the remedy for low prices, we certainly cannot hope for a cure through the medium of increased consumption; for as fast as consumption shall increase will production increase also. That various causes may combine to slightly increase the prices of farm crops, may be true; that the increase in value will out of proportion to the increase of other necessaries is not to be expected. We must, then, accept the conditions as they exist, and meet cheap markets with cheap production. We believe that the relief must from their unequal burden of taxes that now rest upon them. Monopolies, trusts and combines, that grow rich by gambling in food products, in such a way that they gain it a farmer's loss, must be prohibited. To secure these results, the farmers have got to do their share of lawmaking; to

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Jan. 1, 1891.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

$2.00 IN ADVANCE; OR $2.50 IF NOT PAID WITHIN ONE YEAR OF DATE OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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☞Postage free to all subscribers.

Collectors' Notices.

MR. C. S. AYER is now calling upon our subscribers in Knox county.

MR. I. C. LIBBY of Burnham, is an authorized Agent of the *Farmer*.

World's Fair.

Proclamation by President Harrison.

By the President of the United States of America.

A PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, Satisfactory proof has been presented to me that provision has been made for adequate grounds and buildings for the uses of the World's Columbian Exposition, and that a sum not less than $10,000,000, to be used and expended for the purposes of said exposition, has been provided in accordance with the conditions and requirements of section 10 of an act entitled "An act to provide for celebrating the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus, by holding an international exhibition of arts, industries, manufactures, and the products of the soil, mine, and sea, in the city of Chicago, in the State of Illinois, approved April 25, 1890;"

Now, therefore, I, Benjamin Harrison, President of the United States, by virtue of the authority vested in me by said act, do hereby declare and proclaim that such international exhibition will be opened on the first day of May in the year 1893, in the city of Chicago, in the State of Illinois, and will not be closed before the last Thursday in October of the same year.

And in the name of the Government and of the people of the United States, I do hereby invite all the nations of the earth to take part in the commemoration of an event that is preeminent in human history, and of lasting interest to mankind, by appointing representatives thereto, and sending such exhibits to the World's Columbian Exposition as will most fitly and fully illustrate their resources, their industries, and their progress in civilization.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington this twenty-fourth day of December, one thousand eight hundred and ninety, and of the Independence of the United States the one hundred and fifteenth.

BENJAMIN HARRISON.

By the President: JAMES G. BLAINE, Secretary of State.

Plenty of ice on the Hudson this season. And this means less speculation on the Kennebec.

Mr. E. K. Wilson of Cherryfield has manufactured this season, 140,000 packing cases and 150,000 banana crates. The cases are used by packers in the county; the crates go to fruit dealers in Boston.

On account of previously arranged local entertainments, the annual meeting of the Maine Press Association will be held in this city on the 22d and 23d of January, instead of the time announced last week.

The Adjutant General, yesterday, issued an order removing Capt. Rogers of the Portland Light Infantry, from his command. This is the officer who was recently tried by Court Martial and found guilty.

The officers of the State Agricultural Society will hold a session in this city, next Wednesday, when the Secretary elect, Dr. Twitchell, will enter upon the discharge of his duties. Already plans are being made for the next State Fair to make it more complete than any ever held.

During the past year the Cattle Commissioners have found ten cases of tuberculosis and twenty of glanders in the State. All but one of the horses which had been glanders were animals which had been brought into Maine from other States; so that strictly Maine horses may be considered to be free from the disease.

A. M. Vickery of Auburn returned Saturday from Knox county, where he has been organizing Farmers' Leagues. He organized four local Leagues in the county and a county League. At the county League organization there were 165 delegates, and Mr. Vickery says it is the best county League in the State.

The President has vetoed the bill appropriating $75,000 for a public building at Bar Harbor, and giving good reasons therefor. In this veto we have no doubt the President's action will have the approval of the people. There would be as much sense in erecting public buildings in a hundred places in Maine as at Bar Harbor.

The Governor and Council, on Saturday, pardoned Hugh Kennedy, imprisoned for two years, from North Haven, for larceny. He had seven months longer to serve, and was pardoned, as he is sick with consumption. The sentence of Stephen Traverse of Biddeford, for assault and battery, was commuted to one year.

The death of General Terry, at the age of sixty-three, has brought out the fact that nearly all of the great Generals of the war have died when between the ages of fifty-four and sixty-three. Among them are mentioned Grant, Sheridan, Thomas, Logan, Hallock, McClellan, Hooker, Meade, Burnside, Curtis, Blair, and others of lesser note.

Word has been received announcing the death of the noted stallion Smuggler, well known to horsemen of the State of Maine, where many of his colts have been reared. Smuggler was foaled in 1866, was by Blanco, a son of Iron's Cadmus, and out of a pacing mare. For years he held the stallion record at 2.15¼, obtained by him at Hartford in 1876.

The Law Court, in a case committed to it from Kennebec County, has decided that a husband is liable for articles furnished and delivered to a married woman living with the husband, necessary and proper, though charged to herself. A wife while living with her husband is presumed to be vested with an agency authorizing her to purchase on his credit such supplies as were necessary for herself and family.

Yesterday Hon. James M. Carpenter of Pittston closed his official duties as one of the County Commissioners of Kennebec county. He is among the stalwart, old-fashioned, honest citizens who conscientiously perform every duty entrusted to them, with a keen regard for the public interests. As he retires to private life, his hosts of friends will wish him many years yet of quiet, peaceful life.

On Monday afternoon last, Mr. Wallace M. Prescott of Manchester drove through the city a flock of ninety handsome sheep, which he bought in Vinalhaven and vicinity. He will take them to his farm and fatten them and slaughter them for the Boston market, where he gets a good price. Some of them he will sell to farmers in this vicinity, who believe that sheep husbandry pays as well, if not better than any industry pursued on the farm.

At Hawarden castle in London, on Monday, the 81st birthday of Gladstone was celebrated with great rejoicings. Telegrams of congratulation and a large number of presents were received from all parts of Great Britain. Several congratulatory messages were received from the United States. Nearly the whole of Gladstone's family were present. The village was crowded with visitors. Gladstone's health is excellent.

These are anxious days for Mr. Gladstone, and yet the Grand Old Man knows better than to let politics rob him of the peace of mind that is essential to a serene old age. During the recent troubles over the leadership of Parnell in the Irish parliamentary party, a friend called on Mr. Gladstone, expecting to find him eating his heart out over the political crisis. Instead of which, not a word was said about politics by Mr. Gladstone. He was deep in the pages of Scott's "Bride of Lammermoor."

Now, with the beginning of this New Year, what resolutions shall we all make? Let us resolve to realize, more than we have before, that we do not belong exclusively to ourselves, but that we owe something to humanity in general, and should devote a measure of our time unselfishly to the interests of others. Let us walk softly, as though we had an idea of the invisible all around us; indeed, many of us may be treading the very edge of the invisible today. Very near may be realities little dreamed of—nay, just before us. Let us walk, also, courageously, performing life's tasks hopefully, and trusting Providence for the outcome. Thus shall 1891 be to us a Happy New Year.

KEEP YOUR MONEY AT HOME. The Western and Southern land booms have surely drawn thousands upon thousands of dollars out of the natural channels of trade in the State, and locked it up in enterprises of a doubtful character West and South.

In some cases it is true large profits have resulted, but in the majority of instances, these investments have turned out disastrously for the investors. We appeal to our readers if it has not been the steady policy of the *Farmer* to warn the people against such investments.

The financial writer in the *Boston Advertiser* has the following about a Southern scheme in which thousands of dollars from Maine appear to have disappeared from view. The writer says:

I see that Fort Payne Coal and Iron sold to-day as low as $14 a share, quite a shrinkage from $60, the figure which it reached when the "boom" was on and everybody was talking and expecting a dividend. The immediate outlook for this stock is certainly far from encouraging. The recent urgent circular from President Spaulding and Mr. W. P. Rice, inviting stockholders to loan the company $5 per share, in other words, consent to a voluntary assessment of that amount in order to pay off the more pressing debt of the company, meets with little favor among the holders of the stock, many of whom will not, and many of whom cannot pay the amount asked. At the same time they cannot sell their holdings of the stock of the company, except at a great loss. Mr. W. P. Rice, the projector of the Fort Payne enterprise, and justly regarded as one of the most successful promoters of Southern industries, and a man who was generally supposed to have illimitable resources, finds the situation so grave that in his indorsement of President Spaulding's appeal to the stockholders, he says:

"I have personally exhausted all my resources to assist the coal and iron company, and am unable to do more." Mr. Rice has been the most striking personality in this whole Fort Payne enterprise as he is in every venture which he goes into. In fact it is Mr. Rice's Fort Payne, and nearly every dollar of New England capital that was put into it was put there on account of his connection with the enterprise. One would as soon think of the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out, as of Fort Payne without W. P. Rice. Now Mr. Rice informs his fellow stockholders that he has exhausted all his resources, and that they must contribute to save the company. The stockholders, who have been contributing ever since the organization of the company, by purchasing town lots, shares in manufacturing companies and other enterprises there, show as yet no decided disposition to accede to this request. There is, then, clearly nothing left but a receiver or some form of a reorganization. It is evident that there must have been some bad financiering that would permit a corporation which claims $5,000,000 of assets and less than $200,000 of floating debt to drift into a position like this.

These facts are not very palatable to many in Maine, but they speak plainly, and should point out a lesson to would-be investors in schemes that read so pleasantly in descriptive circulars and which sound so plausible when explained by men who are so deeply and disinterestedly interested in "letting their friends in on the ground floor"—to drop them into the cellar later on. The elegant trains of palace cars, with dining coaches and accomplished *chefs*, afford splendid opportunities to see the country and examine the property, but some one has to pay the bills.

The *Advertiser* says that "the stockholders did not go into the enterprise blind. Many of them had visited Fort Payne time and again, and participated in the land boom there which sent prices up to ridiculously high figures. In fact, if I may believe half what I hear, the losses entailed upon stockholders by the drop in the price of the stock is as nothing compared with the losses that have arisen and will arise from the ill-advised land boom which is the inevitable attendant upon the inception of a southern manufacturing town. I heard to-day of a man who had recently sold some Fort Payne lots at $10 a front foot which cost him upwards of $63¼ a front foot a year or two ago."

And the North furnished most of this money, Maine's share being a considerable portion of the whole.

The *Advertiser* is right. The stockholders have no one to blame but themselves.

They have been warned again and again by the newspapers of Maine against throwing their money away in such ventures. Such "booms" inflate prices, no matter how honestly they may be conducted by the originators, and the man who buys anything at an inflated price gets cheated.

There are chances for safe and profitable investments at our very doors. A gentleman recently informed us that for years thirty acres of land, lying within ten minutes' walk of the Waterville post office, awaited a purchaser. But none came. It is "distance lends enchantment to the view," and while there was no money for home investments, thousands and thousands of dollars were sent west and south in answer to the flaming handbills of speculators and land sharks. Soon after this an individual came along, who believed in home investments and the possibilities of our own State, and purchased the thirty acres of land in Waterville, paying the price asked for it, five thousand dollars. In less than a year he sold one-third of it for the amount of the purchase money, and could take ten thousand dollars for the remainder. Had this transaction taken place in Fort Payne, Dennison or Cardiff, it would have been trumpeted to the world in all the land speculators' papers.

"A burnt child dreads the fire;" and we think we see a wonderful and natural reaction taking place in the matter of investing money. The reckless repudiation of farm mortgages at the West, the failure or partial failure of land and investment companies both South and West, the list of almost worthless securities which figure so largely among the published assets of these companies, have frightened our people, as nothing else would, and the stream of investment thither is lessening. The surplus earnings will be invested nearer home, to develop and stimulate business here. Had this been done years ago, and New England could have had the benefit of money that have been sent from our borders, South and West, never to return, there would have been business enough for an increase of one-third of its population, and New England would have literally "blossomed as the rose."

THE REFORM SCHOOL. The seventeenth annual report of the Maine Reform School has been submitted to the Governor and Council.

The Trustees report that the institution is in a prosperous condition and that it is growing more useful every day. Thirty-eight boys are out on leave, and of them seventy-eight are doing well, four doing badly, and six have not reported.

There are at present, eighty-nine boys out on probation. Fifty-nine of this number are doing thirty well. About sixty-six per cent. of the boys discharged from the school are doing well. Eight per cent. are doing fairly well, two per cent. have been returned to the school and two per cent. have died.

The last legislature appropriated $10,000 to establish one family school, and the building has been erected at a cost of $9,656 88. The building must be furnished and equipped with heating apparatus and plumbing. The Trustees have already taken steps to secure these.

The Trustees estimate that the annual expenses of the institution will be increased $3000 on account of the family school, and they ask for an appropriation of $35,000 for 1881 and $20,000 to be expended in heating and plumbing the new cottage.

The number of inmates of the school is now 114, the average for the year being 117. The discipline mentioned has been the most satisfactory of any since he has been connected with the institution, says the Superintendent.

CHRISTMAS DAY ON THURSDAY. The Harleian MS. No. 2252 in the British Museum contains the following:

"If Christmas day on Thursday be,
A windy winter you shall see;
Windy weather in each week,
And great tempests strong and thick.
The summer shall be dank and dry.
Corn and beasts shall multiply.
That year is good land for to till;
Kings and Princes shall die by skill.
If a child that day born shall be,
It shall happen right well for thee;
Of deeds he shall be good and stable,
Wise of speech and reasonable.
Whoso that day goes the ring about,
He shall be punished without doubt;
And if sickness that day betide,
It shall quickly from thee glide."

MR. O. D. Lambard of Augusta is spending the winter in Paris. In the course of a pleasant business note to us he says: "I am at present a student of French Agriculture, carried on very systematically and economically by this frugal and industrious race. I believe a French farmer would grow rich and fat on what a down-east farmer throws away."

Mr. Hamlin occupied a seat in the House of Representatives in 1843-3. Of the Senate before 1850 only three survive, Mr. Jones of Iowa, Mr. Hamlin and Mr. Bradbury of Augusta.

WHAT THE YEAR HAS BROUGHT. As we stand upon the threshold of a new year, it is well to take a glance backward, to see what the year has brought to us, confining our vision to our own country. No war or scourge of famine have devastated any portion of our fair country; but death has done its dread work, and many who had done or were doing important work have joined the silent majority. The car of progress may move slowly, but there has been undoubted progress all along the line of the world's thought and endeavor. The scientist has done his share in wresting from nature her secrets. The inventor has been busy with his schemes for lightening human toil; reforms have made a gain, though reformers have sometimes grown discouraged because of seeming defeat. The Christian church has won undoubted triumphs, and has sought to enter with the Gospel, doors of opportunity opened by commerce, exploration and conquest. The world grows older, and the race gradually nears its goal, whatever that goal may be. Taking it as a whole, the year 1890 may be reviewed in a spirit of cheerfulness, and the last decade of the 19th century has certainly opened hopefully. The world's workers will have done well if they make the record of the year 1891 the equal of 1890, but there is every reason to believe they will make it better, hastening

"That far-off divine event,
Toward which the whole creation moves."

The Samoan treaty negotiated between Germany, Great Britain and the United States in 1889, was ratified by the Senate early in the year, and the independence and neutrality of the islands was thus guaranteed. The difficulties with Canada relating to the Behring Sea seal fisheries have been under consideration between the representatives of the British government and the State Department, but the year closes, unfortunately for the prospects of the fisheries, with the questions in dispute unsettled. This has certainly been a disastrous season for American fishermen, and the catch has been the smallest for years. The government expert who has investigated the matter reports seal life as in danger of extermination unless the catch be absolutely prohibited for a period of seven years. The new extradition treaty with Great Britain was confirmed by the Senate Feb. 18, by which nine new crimes were made extraditable offences, viz., manslaughter, counterfeiting, embezzlement, fraud by agent or corporation officer, perjury, rape, abduction and kidnapping, several crimes on the high seas, burglary and piracy. Offences of a political character are excluded, and it is also provided that no person shall be triable for an offence other than that for which he is surrendered. This treaty destroys Canada as an asylum for embezzlers and defaulters from the United States. The International American Conference, which began its sessions in November, 1889, closed its work April 19. It is thought that the result of the Conference will be more intimate commercial relations between this country and South America. Negotiations have been in progress during the year with the French government, relative to the exclusion by France of certain American products on alleged sanitary grounds, and the year closes with a reasonable prospect that these restrictions may be abolished.

The leading measures passed by Congress and the result of the November elections are familiar to our readers, and may not be repeated here.

The census has been taken during the year under the supervision of Commissioner Robert P. Porter, and the count of the population has been officially announced at 62,622,250, excluding Indians, and on this basis an Apportionment bill has already passed the House of Representatives, providing for a House of Representatives of 356 members. No State loses in its representation by this bill, and the States which gain in representation are, with the exception of Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, in the Northwest and Southwest. New York retains her place at the head of the list of States in point of population, and Pennsylvania follows second, as she did ten years ago, but Ohio has been obliged to give third place to Illinois, the last named State having gained 740,665 in population against 468,657 for Ohio. Indiana was No. 6 in the list in 1880, but the last enumeration has made her No. 8; Massachusetts, with a population of 2,233,407, and Texas, with 2,232,220, having passed the Hoosier State. Texas was No. 7 in the last enumeration, but she gained 640,471 in the decade. Although New York retains first place, she has been passed in the matter of aggregate gains by Pennsylvania, the figures being as follows: New York, 899,063; Pennsylvania, 965,683. The last named State makes the largest aggregate gains of any in the list. The most remarkable growth, however, is seen in the recently admitted States. South Dakota had a population of 98,268 in 1880, and the last census gives her 327,848. Washington had 75,116 people within her borders in 1880, and she now has 349,516, having trebled her numbers in ten years. But two States in the sisterhood show a falling off in population, and these are Nevada and Vermont. In 1880 Nevada's total was 62,226, and now it is 44,327, a loss of 17,639. The State of Vermont shows a loss of 81 in population. The census has been bitterly attacked on the ground of inaccuracy, but Superintendent Porter has very conclusively defended its substantial accuracy. That the percentage of increase has not been greater during the last decade has been shown to be due to the inaccuracies in the census of 1870. If there has been failure to enumerate the whole population, this is general rather than local.

The year in the business and financial world has been, in general, a prosperous one, though the closing months have been marked by unusual stringency in the money market, and by a serious depreciation of securities, especially in railroads and other large corporations. The causes of this disturbance are, perhaps, not easy to trace, but among these must doubtless be reckoned extraordinary importations of foreign goods in anticipation of a change in the tariff law, a large investment of capital in enterprises which have not as yet become productive and profitable, and the failure to provide a currency sufficiently large and flexible to meet the rapid development of business and industry. The year has been one of great activity in railroad construction, and immense sums have been invested for the development of mining properties in different sections of the Middle South, especially in Alabama and Tennessee. Labor has found its adequate reward, and there has been much less of labor agitation than in some former years. The Knights of Labor, as an organization, has declined in power and influence. No great advance has been apparent in the cause of temperance reform, the result of elections where prohibition or radical temperance measures have been the issue being generally adverse to the friends of the reformation. The State law of Iowa was sustained by a decision of the Supreme Court in February, in such a way as to make prohibition in that State more effective. No new prohibitory laws have been passed by any State legislatures, and the tendency has been during the year, on the part of those favoring the restriction of the liquor traffic, in the direction of high license and local option legislation, rather than toward absolute prohibition. A popular opposition to trusts has been manifest throughout the year, and the anti-trust law passed by Congress in July was in response to a general demand for anti-trust legislation on the part of the people. By the provision of this act every contract in the form of a trust or otherwise, or conspiracy in restraint of trade or commerce is declared to be illegal, and every person becomes guilty of a misdemeanor, who shall monopolize or attempt to monopolize or combine or conspire with any other person or persons to monopolize, any part of said trade or commerce, the word "person" being expressly declared to include corporations.

The year has been a memorable one in the warfare which is being waged against the Mormon evil. The Mormon church, whether sincerely or not we will not say, has formally renounced polygamy as an institution of the church. On the assumption that this renunciation is sincere, the Federal Court of Utah has rescinded the rule by which Mormons were forbidden naturalization.

The event in the religious world which has attracted most attention during the year was the meeting of the Presbyterian General Assembly at Saratoga in May, at which the long discussed question of the revision of the creed was decided in the affirmative and a committee of revision was appointed. It was decided that the revision should be on liberal lines, though the committee was prohibited from proposing changes such as will alter the Calvinistic character of the standards. This action ends the long dispute as to whether the Presbyterian church can alter its fundamental law in government and in creed. It is expected that the report of the committee to the next general assembly will meet with general acceptance. The meeting of the American Board at Minneapolis in October was an occasion of much interest, and the long standing dispute as to the arbitrary action of the Secretaries in rejecting candidates for mission fields was settled by curtailing the power of the Secretaries and placing it in other and more liberal hands. The result was in the nature of a compromise, but it is felt that the troubles which threatened a schism are now amicably settled.

The year in the educational world has been marked by progress. The colleges have reported a large increase in the number of students; two new colleges have finished the first year of their work under favorable auspices—Clark University at Worcester and Barnard College in New York, the Woman's Annex of Columbia. The large gifts of money which the colleges have received are an indication of the American interest in higher education. The growth in collegiate curriculum has been mainly in the direction of electrical engineering. The demands made in several sections of the country for the use of public funds for private schools and the rapid growth of parochial schools has drawn attention in a remarkable degree to the necessity of maintaining at any cost the American public school in its integrity.

During the past year there has been some surprising performances in the race course and the figures have been changed in many instances in the best record columns. In the first place, the running record for a mile has been lowered to 1.35½, though Ten Broeck's time, 1.39¾, at Louisville in 1877, had stood more than 13 years unbroken. On July 31, of last summer, at Monmouth Park, Ravelee reduced Ten Broeck's time to 1.39½, and, on Aug. 28, Salvator, "the grandest thoroughbred seen in a century," came under the wire in four seconds less. Trotting records likewise have been destroyed, Nelson beating Jay Eye See's time for a half-mile track, at Bangor on Sept. 6, and a little later accomplishing still more marvellous results at Terre Haute. The Atlantic steamship record has also been changed this year; a letter has been sent from New York to London and a reply received in 14 days, a shorter period than ever has been recorded before. The Philadelphia and San Francisco, new cruisers built for the United States government, have proved the fastest two vessels of their class in existence, and in almost every other kind of competition unexampled achievements have been chronicled.

The necrology of the closing year includes the names of Congressman Kelly and Randall of Pennsylvania, and Senator Beck of Kentucky, Major Gen. Crook, Justice Miller of the U. S. Supreme Court, Major Gen. Fremont and Surgeon General Baxter. Among men of letters and theologians is to be noted the deaths of George H. Baker, the poet; Dr. Dollinger of Germany; Eugene Schuyler, John Boyle O'Rielly, Cardinal Newman, Benjamin P. Schillaber ("Mrs. Partington.") Then there is the death of the Dowager Empress of Germany, of the King of Holland, of Actor and Playwright Boucicault, of August Belmont, of John Jacob Astor, of Adam Forepaugh, of Lord Napier and of Sitting Bull.

ISAAC SAWTELL DOOMED. The testimony for the defence was resumed in the Court, at Dover, N. H., Wednesday morning. It was weaker than any one supposed it would be. They seemed to have just no case at all. Its main point seemed to be that Hiram and his wife had not lived together on the most pleasant terms. The defence did not put the prisoner on the stand.

On Christmas day came the final scene in the court room. The counsel on both sides made their closing arguments. It was just 5.49 o'clock when Judge Doe finished his charge, and told the 12 men that the time for them to decide on the evidence presented at the trial was at hand.

Headed by the two deputy sheriffs in charge, the jury walked out of the door and went up to the room which has inscribed on the door, "Grand Jury." Around the long table in the centre of the apartment they discussed the evidence and the merits of the witnesses. At 7.40 o'clock the jury entered the court room.

When the judges were seated, Isaac Sawtell, in the company of Sheriff Pingree, and shackled to Deputy Sheriff John Scanlan, was removed from a little back room to the main apartment. He sat down in the same chair that he has occupied during the entire trial in the bar enclosure, and then the jury was ushered in.

Close to Isaac were Lawyers Worcester and Haley. Then the jury roll-call was read, and the foreman of the august body arose.

"Mr. Foreman," said the chief justice, "has the jury agreed upon a verdict?"

"We have agreed," answered Foreman Pike.

"What does the jury find in the first count of the indictment?"

"We find that the prisoner is guilty."

"Guilty of what?"

"Murder."

"Murder in what degree?"

"In the first degree."

After a momentary hush, during which might be heard the jingle of bells on sleighs passing on the street outside, Atty.-Gen. Barnard stood up and remarked: "May it please your honors, it becomes my duty to move for a sentence."

Then Chief Justice Doe leaned over and conferred for a moment with Justice Bingham. Then he wrote something, and passed the paper to Clerk of Court George Durgin, asked him to read what was written. This is what the clerk read:

"Isaac B. Sawtell, the sentence of the law, you being found guilty of murder in the first degree, is that you be imprisoned in the State prison at Concord until the first Tuesday in January, 1892, and that you then be hanged by the neck until dead."

Then the jury was discharged and the trial of Isaac Sawtell was over.

No word is fitting to describe the calmness of the prisoner during this ordeal. It was absolute. Some of the spectators said his face blanched a little, but if it did only a few saw it.

He sat like a block of marble, and neither moved his head nor his features when the words of the foreman of the jury and Clerk Durgin were pronounced.

As the verdict was about to be given, Lawyer Haley, fearing that he might give evidence of his feelings, leaned over to his client, and holding his arm in his hands spoke a few words of comfort to him. Isaac may have appreciated the attention, but he did not show that he needed it.

His demeanor was the same that it has been throughout the entire proceedings. He simply kept his eyes fixed on the wall of the court room and only moved his fingers back and forth a little. There was not even a sigh escaped his lips that any one could notice, and, as for an outward expression of feeling, such a thing seemed furthermost from his mind.

The eyes of every person in the dimly lighted and desolate appearing room were fixed on the man whose death sentence had just been pronounced, but he knew it not. He kept up his stolid, indifferent gaze at the wall, and when the Sheriff asked him to arise and accompany him he did so without hesitation, and apparently that was all he was thinking of.

He was taken directly to the jail and on Tuesday was removed to the State Prison, where he will remain until the execution of the sentence imposed by the court. He still claims that he is an innocent man.

A characteristic advertisement in its straightforward business talk is that of J. J. H. Gregory, the veteran seedsman of Marblehead, Mass. Mr. Gregory's reputation for fair dealing and exact fulfilment of promises is a hardy annual, and has never failed to justify the entire confidence of his customers. All who want reliable seeds should be sure to send for his 1891 catalogue.

DESTRUCTION OF GRANITE HALL. Few if any of our citizens dreamed, when the brief fire alarm sounded at about three o'clock, Tuesday morning, that Granite Hall block was doomed to destruction. But such was the fact. The beautiful and symmetrical temple of music, where the people had so often assembled for recreation, entertainment and instruction, which had echoed to the sound of mirth, and resounded to the eloquence of distinguished orators, the conspicuous granite building that had for nearly thirty years stood in the very eye of Market square, built on the site of the old Kennebec House, was in a few hours a mass of smoking ruins.

The first story of the building was occupied by Chas. K. Partridge, druggist and apothecary, and S. S. Williams & Sons, H. A. Hall, and H. C. Caswell, grocers. In the second story were the rooms for the board of Aldermen and Common Council, the office of the City Treasurer, the law and pension claim offices of Weeks & Blanchard, the office of Dr. D. P. Bolster, and the dressing room connected with Granite Hall, which hall occupied the entire third floor, and was capable of seating fifteen hundred persons. Only recently the hall had been newly and elegantly decorated and new scenery painted.

The fire was first discovered in the store of H. A. Hall, catching, probably, from an over-heated stove. The fire soon crept up, spreading through the partitions and floors, until the whole building was a mass of flames. No doubt the fire had been smouldering nearly all night. The firemen worked like heroes, but it was against heavy odds, with the thermometer twenty degrees below zero, the water freezing wherever it struck, and stiffening the hands of the faithful men at the hose, who kept several streams of water on from the hydrants until late Tuesday afternoon, when the fire was pronounced extinguished. The ice upon the walls of the building, which were standing intact, and the icy grottoes and caves which could be seen in the windows of the second story, gave to the structure the appearance of the ruins of a crystal palace. Hundreds looked with tearful interest upon the scene, Tuesday afternoon. It was a grand but fearful sight when the pressure of hot air caused an explosion, and the roof fell, the fire bursting out in huge volumes and illuminating the entire city.

One-half of the property of Granite Hall block was owned by our well known fellow citizen, Joseph A. Homan, Esq., and the other half by Mr. Geo. W. Ricker of Rockland, formerly of Augusta. Mr. Homan valued the property at $30,000; it was insured for $18,000. The lot is worth at least $12,000. Chas. K. Partridge's loss, about $15,000; insured for $7,850. S. S. Williams & Sons' loss $3,000; insured for $2,000. H. A. Hall's loss $2,500; insured for $1,500. Mr. Charles C. Hunt suffers considerably by the fire. Besides losing a fine new Hallett & Davis piano, worth $400, his business as manager of the hall is gone. He had entertainments booked that would have yielded $700. He has secured Meonian Hall, so that he will not be obliged to cancel dates. The City Treasurer saved a portion of his books, but the most of them are in his vault, the condition of which cannot now be known. No valuable papers in Weeks & Blanchard's office are thought to be burned though the law library worth about $800 and two roll top desks, were probably ruined. The Kennebec Light and Heat Company lose $400 on electric light fixtures.

At one time it looked serious for adjoining property. The horses, carriages and sleighs were removed from the Cony stable, but no damage was done there. Extra precautions were taken at the new post office building, but that was untouched. Church & Locke's grocery store, south of the building, was quite badly damaged.

Now, what of the future? We have no doubt but that upon the ruins will arise, the next season, a fine and commodious opera house, such as is needed to meet the growing wants of the city. With stores on the street, such an edifice would pay from the start, and we understand that parties are ready to undertake the enterprise.

DEATH OF A FRIEND PREACHER. Rev. Joseph H. Pratt, known to our readers as traveling agent for the *Maine Farmer* for some five years, died at his residence on Grove street, in this city, on Christmas evening, at the age of seventy-four years and seven months. He had for years been a sufferer from heart disease, and while incapacitated for work for some two years, has not been confined to his house but about three months. He was born in Vassalboro, and experienced religion at the age of eighteen years. When about thirty years of age he was ordained a minister of the Friends' church, and during his life had preached in all the New England States. After he retired from the active service of the ministry, and while pursuing his secular duties, he would occasionally fill pulpits, to the great acceptance of the people; for he delighted in expounding the Word, in his gentle, loving, simple way. He loved to talk on religious matters, at his home, in the sacred desk, and by the wayside. He had a frank, confiding nature, was agreeable and pleasant in his companionship, had a rich vein of quiet humor, which furnished the spice of life; was tender of the feelings of others, and always made his influence felt on the side of right and justice.

As the end approached, having borne the pains incident to mortal dissolution without a murmur, he heard the sounds of the muffled oars without fear. The death chamber was illuminated by the presence of Him whom he had trusted, and was but the vestibule of Glory. "Can this be death?" he asked, his face shining with almost heavenly radiance. "'Tis victory!" he exclaimed, and then quoted a line or two of the sweet hymn he loved so well, "My heavenly home is bright and fair." And after the evening lamps had been lighted on the anniversary of the birth of the Christ-child, as Dickens' says, "he went out with the tide," falling asleep as peacefully and confidingly as a tired child on the bosom of its mother.

Mr. Pratt leaves four children, Chas. A. Pratt, a lawyer in Boston, Rev. Hannah T. Pratt of this city, and two married daughters, one in California. His wife, Martha, so long his faithful companion, survives him. The funeral, on Sunday afternoon, was private, only the relatives and a few friends being present. The services were conducted by the Rev. Messrs. Williamson, Ross and Wyman of this city. The remains were placed in the receiving tomb.

NOMINATIONS. The Governor has made the following nominations:

Committee to examine the accounts of the State Treasurer—Daniel W. Allen, Fairfield; Geo. M. Wagen, Castine; Thomas W. Porter, Burlington; Otis Kaler, Portland; Hall C. Burleigh, Vassalboro.

Register of Probate for the County of Piscataquis—Calvin W. Brown, Dover.

Judge of Old Town Municipal Court—F. J. Whitting, Newport.

State Detective—Fred A. Tarbox, Biddeford.

Coroner—Elijah B. Goddard, Bethel.

Dedimus Justice—Charles F. Sweet, Bangor.

Notaries Public—Fred W. Adams, Bangor; W. A. Wright, Readfield.

Justices of the Peace and Quorum—Wm. H. Bragdon, Perham; Albert S. Woodman, Portland; Francis J. Orr, Harpswell; Olin B. Bridge, Old Town; Henry J. Conley, Portland; Walter L. Dane, Kennebunk; Geo. A. Chandler, Sumner; John E. Thompson, Standish; David E. Costello, Bangor; S. W. Cary, Turner; Merrill T. Files, Gorham.

The Aroostook papers are enthusiastic over the plan of Mr. Albert A. Burleigh in regard to a proposed new railroad to Aroostook county, and assure us that it has a strong backing. Mr. Burleigh's scheme is to ask for a charter for a road, to run from Van Buren to some point on the Maine Central, with branches to Fort Fairfield and Ashland. An act will also be asked for to enable the county to issue its bonds to the extent of five per cent. of its valuation, amounting to about $500,000, to be taken in stock. After this it is proposed to issue $400,000 more stock, giving the people of Aroostook the preference as subscribers thereto, and then to issue first mortgage bonds to complete the construction of the road.

Rev. J. R. Day, D. D., a native of Monmouth, and a former pastor of the Wesley M. E. church in Bath, has dedicated a reconstructed church edifice in New York, which cost $40,000.

During the past year seventeen people were burned to death in Maine, chiefly old people and children.

THE BELMONT STABLE SALE. The sale of crack racers and the pick of the yearlings at the Nursery stables of the late August Belmont, at Babylon, L. I., on Saturday, brought together the most prominent turfmen of the country.

The sale was generally regarded as the most important one since the sale of the famous Rancocas stable in 1886. Raceland, the famous bay gelding and winner of the Suburban of '89, was the first of the animals offered. After some spirited bidding, he was knocked down to Michael Dwyer for $7000. Prince Loyal and St. Carlo were next offered, and quickly disposed of to Phil Dwyer and W. B. Jennings, respectively.

Then came Potomac, the horse on which the chief interest of the turf world has been centered for some time. There was a cheer when Fred Eschner started the bidding with an offer of $15,000. Then A. J. Joyner made it $20,000. Mike Dwyer took a hand, and the price was quickly run up to $25,000. At this price the bidding ceased, and one of the grandest horses ever led into a sale's ring was knocked down to M. F. Dwyer for $25,000.

The comparatively small price realized for Potomac was a great disappointment, and was due, in all probability, to the fact that he was not eligible to some of the richest three-year-old stakes to be decided next year.

La Tosca caused some spirited bidding, and was knocked down to T. Hough Brothers for $13,000.

The other horses all brought fair prices. The horses sold were the property of Hon. August Belmont, that were in training in 1890, with 18 head of yearlings that had been reserved to race in 1891.

For 25 years the colors of the stable had been prominent on all the great New York courses. Nearly all the stakes of importance for 2, 3 and 4-year-olds had in turn been won by horses bred or raised by Mr. Belmont. Famous racing stables have from time to time come under the auctioneer's hammer.

ACCIDENTS. Joseph W. Thaxter of Portland on Saturday had a narrow escape from severe injury. Having occasion to go to the front door, he saw a wire hanging down, and thoughtlessly took hold of it to put it out of the way. He received the force of an electric shock. He is needless to say he will not handle any more stray wires.—Dec. 19th, Mrs. Ann Grindle of North Penobscot met with a serious accident. She had just entered the cellar to carry a small jar which she held in her arms, when her feet tripped. The jar fell from her arms, striking upon the cellar floor, breaking it into several pieces; and the sharp edge coming in contact, severing with the jagged edge of the broken jar, cords and arteries, inflicting a most ugly wound. She had presence of mind and strength sufficient to reach the house, where her son, who was distant forty rods from the house, while the blood was spurting from the wound at a fearful rate. By his timely aid he partially stanched the flow of blood, until further assistance could be obtained. A physician was soon at hand, and it was estimated that Mrs. Grindle lost about three quarts of blood.—John Stevens of Wellington, employed at John R. Evelyth's camp in Patten Town, was yarding logs last week, when one rolled upon him, causing instant death.—A man named Johnson fell 120 feet, a few days ago, at the slate quarry at Monson, while at work there, and escaped without the slightest injury.—Levi Matthews of Lincolnville was seriously injured, Wednesday morning, by having a load of lime casks upset. The roads are a solid sheet of ice, and his sled slued out of the road, throwing him off and upsetting upon him. It is feared he is fatally injured.—Mrs. William Sparrow, an elderly lady in Deering, fell down stairs, on Saturday evening, in the fall she struck her forehead against the cellar wall, fracturing the skull and causing instant death.—Young Melville of Bath fell on the ice, and fractured his left arm.——Wm. Moxam of Bath broke his left leg while sliding.

PENSIONS. The following pensions have been granted Maine people:

ORIGINAL.

Charles H. Choate, Portland.
Edward Kelley, Bangor.
Robert J. Raper, alias Thomas Warren, Brooksville.
William E. Goldsmith, Soldiers' Home, Togus.
Stephen Church, Togus.
John Fowler, Togus,
Enos Floyd, Togus.
Henry Whiteiow, Bolster's Mills.
S. Dennet Gates, Togus.
William A. Copeland, Corinna.
John Gunn, Togus.
Michae. Gerrish, Togus.
Adelbert Dickey, Northport.
John shaw, Dexter.
Joseph H. Burroughs, Alfred.
Albion Sawyer, Portland.
Alex. G. Rolfe, Hancock, Old Town.
Joseph S. Berry, Bath.
Andrew J. Cortey, (army) Bath.
Lake H Roberts, Alfred.
William Boland, Togus.
Fred Reeder, Soldiers' Home, Military Home.
Charles U. Barnard, Togus.
John Haggerty, National Home.
Albert H. Lothrop, Auburn.
John A. Driscoll, National Military Home.
Charles L. Revel, Rockland.
Orrin E. Brown, Maplewood.
Oliver W Blake, National Military Home.
Russell Tracey, National

Items of Maine News.

on. T. H. Phair of Presque Isle, who been dangerously ill, is recovering.

ouis Jancas, Auburn, has been granted tent on a seam pressing machine.

ortland has already received "the first l of the season."

fter a recent big snow storm, Mr. Charles t of Stacyville, a man 76 years old, xed ten miles on snow shoes to deliver Stacyville and Sherman mail bag.

r. Charles P. Rolfe of Portland died day, at the age of eighty years, and month. He had been long in business that city.

enry Batcheider of West Houlton, while rning from Hodgdon, Thursday, with wife, died suddenly in the sleigh. The ner deemed an inquest unnecessary.

is reported that James Dempsey, surer and general manager of the Isbon Bleachery, has resigned the ction.

the Passamaquoddy tribe at present e are 523 people. During the year e have been 27 deaths. There was a t amount of sickness during the year.

"catamount" which had been frighten- people in the vicinity of Calais proved, n being shot, to be a 35 pound domestic

e harvesting as well as lumbering is tly hindered this month by the deep rs. According to present appearances, ll cost something to fill ice houses this er.

ajor H. A. Shorey of Bridgton has been inted a weigher and gauger at the cus- house, Portland, in place of A. L. sworth. Major Shorey will assume his s on the 1st of January.

hn McMichael, a man about seventy, lived alone, was found dead, sitting in air in his house at Bristol, Saturday. was last seen alive Friday, and the osed cause of death was heart disease.

e storm of Friday raged with great throughout the State, the wind blow- a gale. The trains were somewhat ed, though the Maine Central managers plied with the question with great gy.

v. Frederick M. Houghton of Stevens' es has sold his charmist horse Geo E. eo. G. Hall, proprietor of the Adams ee, Boston, for $1000. He is a State of e horse, stands 15-3, is 9 years old, the 1050 pounds, and has trotted in 2 31.

airman Donovan, of the Democratic l Committee, has issued his call to bers of the new committee to meet in gor, Jan. 8, for organization. Taken gether it promises to be quite a notable ering of the democracy on that date.

the following patents have been granted ine people: V. Brett, Bangor, car pling; C. D. Cutts, Fort Fairfield, tle for tinware; E. Mansfield, Orono, ing ferule for cant hooks; C. L. rch, Bangor, puzzle.

lipped from Houlton Station over the ine Central Railroad, for the week ending. Dec. the following produce: Leather 2 gles 1, potatoes 22, lumber 4, miscel- ous 5, cattle 1, ext. hem. bark 2, ch 2, hay 3, laths 1. Total 43 cars.

pt. Daniel Shedd, postmaster at South ver for the past twenty-three years, notified the patrons of the office that if will select some suitable person in his e he will resign. This he does on unt of his failing health and extreme he being eighty-seven years old.

r. Elliot of Hampden says he was ed of $7,400, while on his way to gor to Boston, on Saturday. He fell ep in the cars, another passenger sit- in the seat with him. He afterwards d his pocket book stuffed with paper, the money gone.

e building of a new shoe factory in worth, which has been contemplated ome time, is almost a settled fact. A pany has been organized with a capital 5,000. All the stock has been taken pt a very small amount. This will be dily taken, and a building erected as as possible.

r. W. H. McLellan, Jr., of Belfast, has ed a law partnership with Thomas . Esq., of Bangor, and will enter the r's office on January 1. Mr. Vose is surviving member of the well known firm of Barker, Vose & Barker, of Ban-

The two Barkers, father and son, died tly. Mr. McLellan is a son of ex- rney General W. H. McLellan.

er hunting seems to be the chief oc- tion now in North Bluehill, and have been successful. Irvin Bow- went into the woods, Monday, 15th, about eleven o'clock he came out with e doe, weighing 120 pounds. The day, Ralph Bowden got a large buck which weighed 186 pounds. Nathan- owden shot one the first of the month. re broke out on a small coasting vessel, e Governor," from Bath, Me., lying at less wharf, Beverly, Mass., Friday rning, caused by a lighted lamp upset- Capt. A. T. Lowe was the owner. vessel was undergoing repairs. The rtment turned streams of water into essel which was considerably burned e inside. Loss $600.

New York woman shot a moose hing about 1100 lbs., in Kibbey Val- Wilton. He, with his guide, followed nimal six days before getting a shot im. The spread of his antlers was four feet. The hide is said to be st moose ever killed in Maine. Deer caribou are also very plenty in Maine year.

chambermaid at the Falmouth Hotel, land, opened the door of a room with difficulty Christmas morning, and d that a corpse lying on the floor had ucted her. It proved to be the body r. A. E. Gustave of Hartford, Ct., a ling man, representing a New York rance company, who is supposed to have New England. He died, it is thought, alysis of the brain.

the West bound train on the Maine ral Railroad was running at a fair rate eed Saturday it plunged into a snow- igh train near Forest Station. The saloon car, plough and engine of the r were thrown from the track. The n car was badly damaged, and the ght and engine were also injured. The kage was piled across the track, de- g trains for some time.

B. Temple has been appointed post- er at Richmond Corner, vice Mrs. A. mith, and Albert R. Harward at East Dixfield, vice W. K. Newell. Both intments are to fill vacancies, as both present incumbents resigned. Charles llen has been appointed postmaster at on Station. A new post office has been established at East Holden, and Hiram een has been appointed postmaster.

. A. L. Fenlason's little son Maurice, een four and five years of age, who shot by May Dock, a hired girl of fif- years, recently, at Caribou, has since It is another case of didn't know it loaded. The girl, in company with ittle boy, was in the room of one of the ders. where she found the pistol, h she took in a playful manner, ted, and snapped it with the above sad lt.

writ was served Tuesday, in a suit ght by Nellie M. Gray of Denmark, nst the Saco Water Power Company of eford. The plaintiff owns a water lege at Moose Brook and alleges owing to the action of the company has, at various times, been without cient water power to run a saw mill. claims damages of $2000. The case be entered for trial at the February of the Supreme Court in Oxford ty.

r. Albert C. Neely died at Pasadena, last week, of consumption. Mr. Nee- as the only child of Rt. Rev. Bishop Mrs. Neely, and had been in a decline some time. He was a graduate of ity College, Hartford, Conn., and after uation, accepted a position with the Mutual Insurance Company, of iand. But the seeds of disease were in onstitution, and he was compelled to up business and try milder climes. was a young man of amiable disposi- and good business ability, and leaves y friends.

e town hall in Dexter was packed, day evening of last week, the occasion g the presentation of a gold lantern to tector Josiah L. Owen, of the Maine ral. At the same time a mammoth al- ankard was presented to Mrs. Owen. articles were presented by subscrip- of patrons of the line. A special train Foxcroft brought hundreds of promi- citizens of that town and Dover. The entation speech was made by T. H. B. ce, Esq., of Dexter, and was responded behalf of Mr. Owen by Col. J. B. s of Dover. Conductor Owen is one e oldest employés of the Maine Cen- Company, and has served in various cities along their line for 38 years.

Wednesday, in Boston, sharpers npted to play their tricks on Alanson ell of Monmouth, who is 70 years of but they didn't succeed. Hall was on day leisurely strolling along Washing- treet, when he was accosted by a man n the usual unsuspecting way he gave information as to his name, home, etc., ched another man to do the same on- stance. It was the old bunco game. Hanson at., Hall was led into a game, won $250. But the condition of receiv- he sum was the payment of $20 to one e men who was the agent of the lottery me by which the larger sum was won. didn't have the $20 with him, but he ed to met the men the next day (Christ- , and hand it to them and receive his M. Hall then notified the police of xperience, and when he went to meet ew friends they were promptly arrest- fact, so promptly that no actual trans- n had taken place between them and The names of the parties arrested are s Miller, alias James L. Burbank, and on Clark, alias Frank Sprague.

ow is the winter of our discontent glorious summer" by Ayer's Sarsa- a. This wonderful medicine so in- icts the system and enriches the blood old weather becomes positively en- le. Arctic explorers would do well ke a note of this.

Items of General News.

Samuel Mickles of St. Paul, Minn., being despondent over business troubles, shot his wife and daughter and committed suicide Christmas day.

The dwelling house of John Deitrich was burned at Rochester, N. Y., Friday morning. Mrs. Deitrich and three children, aged six, three and one, were burned to death.

A Christmas gift for farmers is the announcement of the collapse of the Western Tobacco Association, which was a combine of Louisville and Cincinnati warehouses under one management, with a capital of $3,000,000.

Monday afternoon, three men entered the South Chicago Bank, covered the Cashier with revolvers and robbed the bank of all the money it contained. They then jumped into a buggy and drove rapidly towards the city. Officers captured the robbers.

Rev. Melzar M. Dunbar, formerly a Baptist minister in Maine, but for several years retired, dropped dead on Washington street, in Dorchester, Mass., Sunday afternoon. He was aged 67. He had been to church in the morning and dined with a friend and was on his way to the home of his son when he died.

The Northwestern Masonic Aid Association of Chicago, which has in force $2,000,000 worth of insurance in Canada, has been ordered to cease doing business in the Dominion, owing it is said, to the acceptance of non-Masons as risks. It is stated that Canadian patrons lose all they have the concern.

A gigantic conspiracy to flood the country with counterfeit silver dollars has been unearthed at Pittsburg, Pa. Eleven hundred spurious coins have been captured. The money was brought from New York by Italians employed to pass it. Fifteen Italians have been arrested. Similar gangs were sent to other cities.

Central Illinois is suffering from storms of sand and dust. There has been no rain for months. The wind has been strong and continuous for several days. The dust and sand lies in deep drifts in the ditches like snow. The streams are drying up rapidly. The scarcity of water is occasioning great inconvenience among the farmers.

The President has appointed E. Darling James of New York and Philip C. Garrett of Pennsylvania, Indian Commissioners, vice W. H. Morgan, resigned, and Clinton B. Fisk, deceased. He has also appointed Joseph W. Paddock of Nebraska, Government Director of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, vice James W. Savage, deceased.

The steamship, Shanghai, recently caught fire at sea, and is supposed to be a total loss. The disaster is understood to have occurred near Wu-Hu, a treaty port of the Chinese province of Ngan-Hoei, on the Yang-Tse-Kiang. The crew, consisting of about sixty natives with several European officers are supposed to have met death, either in the flames or by drowning while attempting to escape from the burning vessel.

James McBride attempted the murder of his divorced wife at Plainville, N. J., Friday, by blowing up with dynamite the hotel in which she was sleeping. The wife was uninjured. Several boarders and the proprietor were badly hurt. The hotel and a large merchandise house were burned. Loss $12,000, partly insured. McBride is in jail. The Christmas Club of Washington, Saturday, entertained 630 poor children at dinner, and afterward distributed a present to each one.

The schooner Katherine, which arrived at Victoria, B. C., on Thursday, from the west coast of Vancouver, had on board Capt. Mosher and the crew of 11 men of the bark Atlanta, which was wrecked during a frightful gale on Dec. 15, while on her way to San Francisco with a cargo of lumber. The crew were taken from the rigging in a terribly exhausted condition by the Indians on the 13th, having had neither food, drink nor sleep for four days. The Atlanta, which was owned in San Francisco, is a total loss.

The snow storm and gale of Friday was the worst for many winters. Railroads everywhere were blocked, causing delays. In Boston the wind blowed 41 miles an hour. The storm was general throughout New England, and the storm was blinding along the coast. At Pittsburg, Pa., 14 inches of snow fell. At St. Johnsbury, Vt., the mercury went 35 degrees below zero. Seven inches of snow fell at Cincinnati, Ohio. And so the story goes all over New England. It was cold and snow and wind everywhere.

Four convicts in the Connecticut State prison at Hartford had a welcome Christmas present in the shape of releases granted by the State Board of Pardons. George Fowler and Clark Fisher, serving a sentence of seven years for stealing a watch in 1885, in Stamford, and Ernest Kendall of Rockville, sentenced in April, 1889, for four years for horse stealing, were given their liberty. The other lucky man is George Hudson, a negro sailor, sentenced for life in 1869. His pardon is on the condition that he leave the country.

Spanish bark Flo, from Havana, picked up the captain and wife and crew of bark Fred E. Richards who had been drifting helplessly eight days in an open boat. The Richards left Philadelphia December 2d, with coal for Havana, and foundered in a storm December 12th. The Fred E. Richards was built in Camden, Me., in 1882, and Camden is her home port. Cariton, Norwood & Co., are her managing owners. Among those who own parts of the vessel are Capt. Ben. Nash, Capt. Fred E. Richards, for whom she was named, and Hon. Joseph A. Locke. She was not insured.

Advices from Rome state that the Pope has finished the draft of his encyclical upon the social question. The Pope considers the question the greatest evil of present times. The encyclical will review and expound the whole question affecting wage workers. The document will comprise three parts. First, His Holiness will develop the general principles upon which social economy is founded, and the dominant idea of the distribution of justice which should regulate the intercourse of men and the spread of wealth. The Pope says that distributive and restorative justice is needed to prevent misery and sweating on the one side, and exorbitant riches and tyranny on the other. The second part comprises the origin and cause of the present condition of the social problem. On this point, His Holiness takes the new thesis, first developed in his encyclical on socialism. The third part contains the views of the Pope regarding the remedies, beyond religious and moral influence, to be advocated. His Holiness expresses himself as again in favor of intervention by the State within the limits previously set forth. He condemns capital, as now organized, and advocates a more equitable and just distribution of riches. The encyclical will probably appear before Easter.

A dispatch was received at headquarters of the department of the Platte Sunday night from Gen. Brooke, which stated that Mr-i Whitesides, in command of the battalion of the 7th cavalry, had captured Big Foot and his entire band near the head of Porcupine creek. About 150 bucks surrendered. Gen. Brooke also telegraphed that the hostiles in the Bad Lands had surrendered and would reach Pine Ridge on Tuesday. Bright Eyes sent word that night to the *World-Herald* that half the hostiles had left the Bad Lands and were within a few hours' march of the agency. The probabilities are that trouble is ended. A dispatch from Pine Ridge agency, S. D., says it is apparent that the Indian trouble is rapidly approaching a termination. Short Bull and Kicking Bear and his outfit are abandoning the Bad Lands, and going to Pine Ridge agency. They are now camped upon the White River. A bloody and desperate conflict occurred Monday morning, on Porcupine Creek, between United States troops and hostiles. Big Foot's band have been surrounded by troops and were being disarmed by Col. Forsythe when a bloody encounter took place. Captain Wallace, commanding K troop of the Seventh Cavalry, was killed. Lieut. Carlington of the same regiment, was shot in the arm and several soldiers were killed. A number of Indians bit the dust. A second special from Pine Ridge Agency says: "Another fight occurred, this time near the camp. This afternoon one of Col. Forsythe's troops of the Seventh Cavalry was fired on by some Indians, who went out from Rosebud camp, near Pine Ridge. On their return they fired into the agency. This caused a skirmish in which two soldiers were wounded. The Indians camped near where this skirmish took place and then moved west to a creek near the agency. Owing to the absence of the cavalry great trepidation is felt here. The Indian scouts who have just come in say but few of Big Foot's men were left alive. The troops were at great disadvantage, fearing to shoot their own comrades. The Indian men, women and children ran south, firing rapidly as they ran, the mounted troops after them, shooting them down on every side. The engagement lasted fully an hour and a half. To the south, many took refuge in a ravine from which it was difficult to dislodge them. It is estimated that about 50 soldiers were killed and wounded. Just now it is impossible to state the exact number of dead Indians. Many more than 50 were killed outright. The soldiers are shooting the Indians down wherever found, and no quarter is being given by any one. The troops are still firing from the camp, and pursuing the enemy in every direction. Like magic up went a flag of truce and Big Foot surrendered his band of over 150 warriors and 250 women and children. The prisoners were marched over to the old camp on Wounded Knee. The battalion have surrounded the Indian camp and will keep vigilant guard over them until more troops arrive. The prisoners include the Stirrup Ball gang that fled after their chief's death. Scouts just in report that Short Bull and his braves are on their way to the agency, and are in camp now at the Catholic Mission, only six miles away.

Grange News and Notes.

—At the last meeting of Bingham Grange the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year:

Master—T. F. Houghton.
Overseer—A. Burke.
Lecturer—Mrs. R. B. Pierce.
Steward—S. A Smith.
Assistant Steward—Anson Baker.
Chaplain—Mrs. E. R. Baker.
Treasurer—John Cummings.
Secretary—M. A. Goodrich.
Gate Keeper—O. W. Turner.
Ceres—Miss Hattie Andrews.
Pomona—Mrs. Destre Goodrich.
Flora—Mrs. Eva Baker.
Lady Assistant Steward—Mrs. A. Burke.

—There will be a meeting of Excelsior Pomona Grange No 4, P. of H., for the installation of officers, held with North Franklin Grange at Phillips, Thursday, Jan. 8th, at 10 A. M., Providence permitting. Picnic dinner.

M. L. R. PURINGTON, *Sec'y.*

—The next meeting of Waldo County Pomona Grange will be held with Seaside Grange, Belfast, Jan. 20, with the following order of programme: 1st, opening exercises; 2d, address of welcome, by Sister Julia McKeen; 3d, response by Sister Carrie Cole of Sunrise Grange; 4th, report of Granges; 5th, conferring fifth degree; 6th, appointment of committee; 7th, music by choir; 8th, noon recess; 9th, question, "Resolved, that Waldo County Pomona Grange should take some action in regard to fire insurance." All., Bro. Joseph Ellis; 2d., A. L. Brown; 10th, song by Bro. A. L. Mudgett; 11th, drama by Seaside Grange Dramatic Club; 12th, duet by Sisters Dockham and Perkins; 13th, song by Sister McIntyre.

—The officers of Fryeburg Centre Grange for the new year are:

Master—John F. Charles.
Overseer—Dean A. Ballard.
Steward—Eugene Hill.
Assistant Steward—James E. Hutchins.
Chaplain—C. W. Waterhouse.
Lecturer—B. W. McKeen.
Secretary—James Hobbs.
Gate Keeper—George A. Charles.
Pomona—Mrs. Lizzie Charles.
Ceres—Mrs. Ida B. Ballard.
Flora—Mrs. Georgia A. Bradley.
Lady Assistant Steward—Mrs. Bessie Charles.

Executive Committee—T. S. McIntire, Dean A. Ballard, P. A. Bradley, A. P. Gordon.

—At a regular meeting of Pittston Grange, P. of H., held Wednesday evening, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Master—John Scott.
Overseer—Nelson Colburn.
Lecturer—Mrs. H. C Jewett.
Steward—Frank M. Lapham.
Assistant Steward—Isaac Lapham.
Chaplain—Mrs. R. H. Lapham.
Treasurer—J. A. Kenney.
Secretary—J. B. Ripley.
Gate Keeper—Benj. Elkins.
Pomona—Mrs. J. B. Ripley.
Flora—Anna Kenney.
Ceres—Mrs. John Scott.
Lady Assistant Steward—Mrs. Benj. Elkins.

Executive Committee—John Scott, J. B. Ripley, J. A. Kenney.

Installation of the above officers will take place Wednesday evening, Jan. 14.

—New Sharon Grange at their regular meeting Dec. 26, elected the following officers for the ensuing year:

Master—B. F. Neal.
Overseer—B. H. Oliver.
Lecturer—C. E. Gordon.
Steward—Z. A. Dyer.
Assistant Steward—C. B. Dunn.
Chaplain—C. W. Thompson.
Treasurer—C. L. Smith.
Secretary—Mrs. L. M. Morrill.
Gate Keeper—Frank Rand.
Ceres—Mrs. Clara Neal.
Pomona—Mrs. M. J. Oliver.
Flora—Mrs. L. S. Gordon.
Lady Assistant Steward—Mrs. C. B. Dunn.

Installation of the same will be Jan. 9th, at ten o'clock, after which a picnic dinner will be served. I am glad to say at the close of the year we are in good standing, and I hope many may be added to our order in the coming year, and that the members will be prompt in their duties. E. J. S.

—At the annual meeting of Exeter Grange, Dec. 20th, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Master—R. C. Rich.
Overseer—S. E. Walker.
Lecturer—Henry E. Butters.
Steward—Harry E. Woodbury.
Assistant Steward—Alvah S. Woodbury.
Chaplain—Jacob Eastman.
Treasurer—S. W. L. Chase.
Secretary—C. W. Tibbetts.
Gate Keeper—A. J. Richardson.
Ceres—Mrs. H. E. Butters.
Pomona—Miss Cora J. Hersey.
Flora—Miss Mary C. Laird.
Lady Assistant Steward—Miss Gertrude Fernald.
Chorister—Mrs. J. T. Brown.

The installation of officers will occur at the regular meeting of the Grange in January. Past Master H. V. Messenger will officiate as installing officer. SEC.

—Exeter Grange was reorganized Feb. 13th, 1873, with thirty charter members. One year from that date their numbers had increased to fifty-three, and now with the beginning of the new year its roll book shows one hundred and six signatures of intelligent and hard working sons and daughters of Maine.

—The following have been elected officers of Maple Grange, North Waldoboro, for the year 1891:

Master—Oliver L. Mink.
Lecturer—Joseph B. Welt.
Overseer—Dennis O. Stahl.
Steward—Bertie L. Bornheimer.
Assistant Steward—John L. Stahl.
Chaplain—Washington Bornhiemer.
Treasurer—Reuben O. Mink.
Gate Keeper—Josiah Mink, 3d.
Pomona—Della E. Stahl.
Ceres—Delana A. Mink.
Flora—Geneva A. Welt.
Lady Assistant Steward—Nellie E. Kaler.
Organist—Oradell Stahl.
Secretary—Bertha A. Newbert.

—The Executive Committee of the Maine State Grange with the commission appointed by the late State Grange to perfect the proposed changes in the order relative to taxation, and present the same to the legislature, will meet at Augusta next Tuesday. The interests of the patrons are in good hands and will be faithfully attended to.

—The next meeting of Aroostook county Pomona Grange will be held with Maysville Centre Grange, Thursday, Jan. 8. FRED S. WIGGIN, *Sec'y.*

—The following is a copy of Resolutions on the death of Sister Ruth Jones of Twilight Grange, No. 201:

Whereas, Death has for the first time entered our Grange, and removed from our midst our beloved sister, Ruth Jones; and, whereas, her many virtues should be recognized; therefore, be it

Resolved, That while we bow with humble submission to the will of Great Master of the universe, yet we do mourn the loss of our worthy sister who has gone before us.

Resolved, That in the death of Sister Ruth Jones the grange sustains the loss of a worthy sister, who was ever ready to give aid and comfort to those in sickness and distress, extending the hand of charity to the needy of our order, and the voice of sym- thy to all; a sister who endeavored to perpetuate the honor of our order, and who labored for its prosperity; whose honest, upright and noble conduct should be emulated by every brother and sister of our order.

Resolved, That the sympathy of this Grange be extended to her afflicted son and mourning friends.

Resolved, That the resolutions be spread upon the records of the Grange, and a copy thereof be transmitted to the sons of our deceased sister, and that they be printed in the *Maine Farmer*.

MRS. L. A. WEYMOUTH, } *Committee*
MRS. N. V. GARDNER, } *on Resolutions.*

Sec'y of Twilight Grange No. 201.
Corinna.

—At the last meeting of Belgrade Grange No. 292, P. of H., the following officers were chosen for 1891:

Master—C. M. Weston.
Overseer—C. J. Coulson.
Lecturer—James Tibbetts.
Steward—L. G. Minot.
Assistant Steward—J. Clair Minot.
Chaplain—Mrs. Salome Damren.
Treasurer—P. Weston.
Secretary—Mae B. Farnham.
Gate Keeper—L. F. Bunker.
Pomona—Aura B. Clark.
Flora—Lillian Bunker.
Ceres—Mrs. C. M. Weston.
Lady Ass't Steward—Grace Batchelder.

—Baskahegan Grange of Carroll has just elected the following officers:

Master—A. E. Gowell.
Overseer—C. E. Tolman.
Lecturer—J. W. Lindsay.
Steward—W. B. Lindsay.
Assistant Steward—L. V. Cooper.
Chaplain—O. L. Lindsay.
Treasurer—D. Lindsay.
Secretary—Josie Lindsay.
Gate Keeper—G. Conforth.
Ceres—Mrs. A. E. Gowell.
Pomona—Mrs. C. E. Tolman.
Flora—Mrs. J. W. Lindsay.
Lady Ass't Steward—Miss Belle Spencer.

—East Eddington Grange No. 301, on Saturday evening, Dec. 20th, elected the following officers for the ensuing year:

Master—J. H. Comins.
Overseer—J. L. Shoppee.
Lecturer—Boyden Bearce.
Steward—J. A. Leach.
Assistant Steward—A. J. Lyford.
Chaplain—Emma E. Simmons.
Treasurer—D. S. Stevens.
Secretary—Edna M. Shoppee.
Gate Keeper—Earl C. Merrill.
Pomona—Jennie L. Bearce.
Flora—Maggie M Rowe.
Ceres—Celia M. Merrill.
Lady Ass't Steward—Lucy C. Davis.

The adjourned meeting of the Farmers' League of Maine, held at Lewiston, on Tuesday, elected T. O. Spinney of Brunswick, President; C. H. Record of Auburn, Edward Brown of Thomaston, and J. H. Moore of Winthrop, Vice Presidents; A. C. Chandler of New Gloucester, Treasurer; Solomon Larrabee of Auburn, Secretary; C. H. Stevens of Androscoggin, J. S. Chandler of Cumberland, and Edwin Keating of Knox, Executive Committee. The election of Lecturer was left with the Executive Committee.

The Markets.

Report of Union Stock Market.

[Specially Reported for the Maine Farmer.]

WATERTOWN YARDS, Dec. 30, 1890.

Names of Drovers.	Cattle.	Sheep.	Veals.
B. Libby,	14		
Gilnes & Weston,	18		
Perkins & Jones,	12		
F. L. Libby,	3		6
D. Libby,	3		
O. W. Rolfe,	6		
H. I. Libby,	7		11
I. C. Libby & Son,	10	40	5
F. Thompson,	4		18

THE AGGREGATE OF LIVE STOCK AT WATERTOWN AND BRIGHTON YARDS.

Cattle, 2671; sheep, 7523; hogs, 33,479; veals, 605; horses, 443.

STOCK FROM MAINE.

Cattle, 75; sheep, 40; veals, 40; horses 63.

CATTLE FOR THE ENGLISH MARKET.

Shipments of cattle for the past week were 1600 head, largely Western. Some of Maine's best beeves take passage across. Liverpool market has declined ¼ cent, with quotations at 11 cents dressed weight.

MARKET YARD NOTES.

Cattle—The big snow storm has benefitted those who were fortunate enough to have cattle at market. The Western trains were late, some not to arrive until late in the week, (that one in the habit of arriving on Tuesday,) which being the case, butchers were obliged to patronize those who owned New England stock. Dealers of course caught hold of the situation, and managed to glean an advance of ¼@½ cent dressed weight, without much trouble.

Sheep—Market quotations rule ¼ cent higher; only between 7000 and 8000 head, all told, including Western. Butchers were ready to give the advance, and the yards were cleared at an early hour.

Fat Hogs—2,000 odd is no small number to arrive in one week, but we have the big Western country to draw from. The Western held at firm rates; country lots at 5 cents dressed weight.

Veal Calves—Still they come, even in mid winter no let up; 605 head dropped at our yards, and found sale at 2½@5¾ cents per lb. live weight, weighing 140 lbs., if good.

Milch Cows—Dealers were not heavily burdened with cows this week. The bulk changed hands at $25@$50 per head; something very fancy a shade higher.

Horse Market—Movement could be improved. We call the market dull and the enquiry light. Prices low on everything excepting the best grades, such as good ten to eleven mile an hour steppers of good build.

Live Poultry—1300 lbs. constitute all arrivals of the week, and we heard of but one price for mixed lots—8 cents per lb.

SALES OF MAINE STOCK.

O. W. Rolfe hit a good market and had 4 head of fancy cattle, on offer, 2 fatted by Geo. Coffin of Cumberland. We shall begin to believe that Cumberland is quite a place for raising and feeding choice cattle. This pair were four-year-olds, of 3810 lbs., and sold at 7 c., dressed weight; a pair also fatted by Chas. Moody of Westbrook, grade Durham, of 3750 lbs., these also sold at 7c, dressed weight. Perkins & Jones sold six oxen, one pair weighed 2500 and two pair, at 2200 lbs., found sale at 4¾c, live weight; 2 cattle, of 3100 lbs., at 3c, live weight, 2 cattle of 3470 lbs. sold at 3¼c live weight, and the seller received an extra $2 in the trade. W. W. Bagley sold 15 cattle, estimated to dress from 1000 to 1400 lbs., at 6¾c. Rob French, Agt., sold 6 cattle, live weight 1300 lbs., at 3½c, live weight. A. R. Johnson, Agt., sold 15 cattle, to dress 1300 lbs., at 6¼c, dressed weight, excepting 2 cattle at 5¾c.

REMARKS.

We find cattle feeders at the market yards, on the lookout for cattle that they consider in the right condition to put on flesh, and put it on quick. They buy to make money out of them. They do not buy the lowest price cattle or the highest. For some they pay 3 to 3¼c per lb., as they stand on the hoof; sometimes they take a few out of this and that lot, and when they are all together they make quite a drove. There are several Boston butchers who have farms in this State, who keep help, and make a specialty of fatting two and three-year-olds for their own slaughter, and put the beef in their own stalls at Quincy Market. The beef they take pleasure in selling, knowing that they are at the right of feeding, and they consider the money they invested a profitable investment. The year has come to a close, and it would be well to take a retrospect view, and be governed accordingly. Where we have done the right thing on a small scale, and made money out of it, why not *sail in* during the next twelve months and increase our profits? We want to pull all the strings that will bear pulling. Maine farmers are not very apt to think that the raising of pigs to fat hogs, and little chicks or young turkeys of tender age to full grown birds of 10 and 14 lbs., amounts to much. But such live stock grow fast, and the proper care is taken of them, and yield good results.

AT BRIGHTON YARDS.

Not a large supply, and the market not well patronized. Values were held in much the same position as one week ago. The quality of milch cows was varied from choice to the more common grades. P. W. Thompson & Son sold a number of milch cows from $35@$45 per head; 4 oxen, estimated to dress 1000 lbs., at 6c dressed weight. Remick & Cheney sold 2 milch cows, fancy, at $50@$60; 1 do at $30. I. C. Libby sold 4 three-year-old Holstein new milch cows, warranted to give 14 qts. of milk per day, at $35 each. R. Conners sold 1 new milch cow, $40; 1 springer at $35. J. S. Henry sold 3 nice new milch cows at $50 per head; 2 extra milch cows at $50 each; 3 milch cows at $48 each; 4 do at $40 each; 2 at $38, and 3 at $32 per head. W. Scollans sold a number of milch cows, 3 at $50 each. 3 at $48, and 2 at $35 each, 4 do at $40 a head, 2 at $33. J. D. Hosmer sold 1 pair working oxen, girthing 7 ft., 1 in, live weight 3000 lbs., at $85; 1 pair girthing 6 ft. 8 in., live weight 2700 lbs., at $70. J. Melloy sold 2 milch cows at $45, 3 at $40 each, 1 at $38.

Boston Market.

TUESDAY, Dec. 30.

FLOUR AND MEAL. The demand for flour has been moderate and of a hand-to-mouth character. Prices remain steady and unchanged. We quote fine, superfine and common extras at $3 50@4 00; extra and seconds at $3 75@4 85; Minnesota bakers, clears and straights, at $4 75@5 50; winter wheat, clears and straights, at $4 90@5 35; winter wheat patents at $5 30@6 75; spring wheat patents at $5 40@6 per bbl. These quotations include jobbers and millers' prices. Rye flour is quiet at $5 00 per barrel. Oat meal is in fair demand; sales of fine at $6 20@6 45, and cut at $6 75@7 per barrel. There is a fair market for corn meal. Sales of bag meal at $1 20@1 22, and barrel meal sells at $2 65@2 70 for choice kiln-dried.

GRAIN. The feeling has further improved to-day. Western markets were higher, and prices here sympathized. In corn there were sales of steamer yellow at 64½c, and steamer mixed at 63¼c per bushel. Chicago No. 3 yellow to ship was held at 64⅛@65c, and country yellow at 64@64½c per bushel. The market is firm for oats. Sales of No. 2 white on track were made at 53¼c, and at the close 54c was asked. No. 3 white are held at 52¾@53c, and clipped range from 54½@56c per bush. No. 1 yellow at 53½@ per bush. Chicago No. 2 white to ship were quoted at at 52¾@53c, and No. 3 white at 52c per bushel.

MILLFEED. The market is steady and dull for millfeed. We quote sack spring bran at $23@23 50, winter sack bran at $25 and middlings at $23@27 per ton. Cotton seed meal, to arrive, is offered at $25 75@ $26 per ton.

PROVISIONS AND PRODUCE. The movement in butter this week is not of a character to cause any change in prices Current sales run along at 28 to 29 cents per pound for the finest fresh creamery. Very few of the round lots on the market go over 27 cents, and others rule at 25@26. Northern October creamery stands up well at 27@28 cents. Summer and early fall held stock is under good control, and rules at 22@24 cents. Imitation creamery and ladle packed take a range of from 18 to 23 cents. The range for dairy lots is quite wide owing to the difference in quality, some selling at 24@25 cents, while others go down to 18 and 16 cents.

The cheese market retains about the same features as for several weeks past. Sales of choice Northern rule at 9½@10 cents for regular sizes, and 10¼@10¾ cents for twins. A start in eggs was made on Monday under the influence of the rise in New York, and the best marks of Western and Southern yesterday sold at 29@30 cents per dozen. Eastern reached 32 cents and fancy new laid went up to 35@36 cents. Held stock brought 22@24 cents, and, if all right, may command more, as the supply is small.

Beans are on a fairly steady basis, but the demand continues light. Sales of pea and medium rule nearly at $2 15@2 20, with some small pea at $2 25. Yellow eyes rule at $3@3 10 per bushel for choice improved.

Choice hay meets with a fair demand at $14@$15 a ton, but ordinary is slow at $11 @$13, and some poor grades at $8@$10. Although receipts have dropped off a little, the supply is fully ample for the demand. Rye straw has been in steady demand at $17@$18 per ton.

Apples hold a strong position. Choice Baldwins and Greenings command $3 50@ $4 50 per barrel, and some fancy grades go higher. For evaporated apples there is not much demand, but the supply is not large, and choice quality is worth 14@16 cents per pound.

Potatoes hold up pretty well. Choice Houlton hebrons command $1 05@$1 10 per bushel and other Eastern at 90 cents to $1.

For Derangements of the Brain Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. D. P. BOULSTER, Augusta, Me., says: "*In functional derangements of the brain and nervous system, I have prescribed it with gratifying results.*"

Augusta City Market.

[CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE MAINE FARMER.]

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 31.

APPLES—Green apples, 75c@$1 00; per bushel; Baldwins and Greenings, $3 00@$4 00 per bbl.

BEANS—Pea beans 2 75; Yellow Eyes $3 00@3 25.

BUTTER—Ball Butter 18@20c. Creamery, 22@25c.

CHEESE—Factory and domestic 10½@ 11½c.

COTTON SEED MEAL—$1 40 per cwt.

EGGS—Fresh, 30c per dozen; limed or pickled, 26c.

FLOUR—St. Louis $5 75@6 50; Patent 6 50@7 00.

GRAIN—Corn 75c; oats 60c; barley 75c; Rye $1 00.

HAY—Loose $10@11; pressed $14@17.

STRAW—$7 75@8.

HIDES AND SKINS—Cow hides, 5c, dividing on 90 lbs.; ox hides, 6c; bulls and stags, 3@3½c.

LIME AND CEMENT—Lime $1 10 per cask; cement $1 75.

LARD—Tierce 6¾c; Pure 7¼. Compound 6¾.

MEAL—Corn 65@70; rye 90@1 00.

SHORTS—$1 15@1 20 per hundred.

PROVISIONS—Clear salt pork 7@8c; beef per side 5@6c; ham 10@11c; chickens 12@15c; fowls 10@12c; mutton 7@8c; lambs 8@9c; veals 7c; turkeys, 17@20c; round hog 5@5½c.

PRODUCE—Potatoes, 75c@90c per bushel; cabbages, @20 per ton; beets, 60c per bu.; turnips, 60c per bu.

Portland Market.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 31.

APPLES—Eating, per bbl., $3 50@$5 00; cooking, $2 00@$3 00; evaporated, 14@16c per lb.

BUTTER—15@17 for choice family; creamery, 25@28c.

BEANS—Pea, $2 25@2 50; Yellow Eyes, $3 00@3 50.

CHEESE—Maine and Vermont Factory, 11½@12c; N. Y. Factory, 10@12c.

FLOUR—Superfine, $4 50@$5 00; Spring X and XX, $5 25@6 50; Roller Michigan, $5 75@6 00; St. Louis Winter Patents, $6 25@6 50.

Fish—Cod Shore, $5 00@5 50; Scaled herring per box, 14@18c; Mackerel, shore, extra, $24 00@26 00.

GRAIN—Corn, bag lots, 70@76; oats, 56@57; cotton seed, car lots, $26 00@26 25; cotton seed, bag lots, $27 00@28 00; sacked bran, car lots, $22 50@24 00; sacked bran, bag lots, $24 00@25 00; middlings, car lots, $22 00@26 00; middlings, bag lots, $24 00 @28 00.

HAY—Fancy—Per tierce, 6@7c per lb; per tub, 6@7c; pail, 6¾@10¾c.

PROVISIONS—Fowl, 11@13c; spring chickens, 13@15c; turkeys, 18@20c; eggs, 28@30c; potatoes, 85c@$1 per bush.; ham, 8@10@25c; pork backs, $14 50 @14 50; clear, $13 50@14 00; hams, 9¾ @10c; covered, 12@12½c.

Bangor Produce Market.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 31.

APPLES—$2 50@4 00 per bbl.

BEANS—Yellow Eyes, $3 35@3 50 per bush.; hand picked Pea, $3 00@3 20.

BUTTER—Best, 20@22c per lb.; fair to good, 18@19c.

Poetry.

For the Maine Farmer.

A Farewell to the Old Year, 1890.

Farewell to thee, Old Year,
Thy time has come to bin
From us who love thee here,
To where the ages lie.
Farewell to thee, Old Year,
'Tis almost turn of night,
And like a bride the New Year
Is stepping into sight.

What thou hast brought, Old Year,
Thou canst not take away;
Every smile and tear
Will forever stay.
Every deed and thought, Old Year,
You must leave behind,
To soothe our weary souls,
Or ghostlike haunt the mind.

My heart beats high to night,
As I look back o'er thee;
I wonder if the New Year
Will be as kind to me.
'Tis well that I know not, Old Year,
Or I might crave the bliss
Of dying with thee on a night
So sweet and calm as this.

Farewell, farewell, Old Year,
You will not hear me,
Adown the misty roadway
To where the ages see,
Ere you will be o'ertaken
By the year that is to be;
Almost are we whispering,
'Twill hasten after thee.

Belgrade. J. CLAIR MINOT.

For the Maine Farmer.

The Old State of Maine.

Oh, those hot summer months in the State of New Jersey,
When malaria found me a victim and slave!
How I longed for a breath from your hills and your mountains,
The life-giving air of the old State of Maine.
Your cold, dreary winters—how they chill to the marrow!
Though perhaps it might cure me,
For malaria can't live where it's thirty below.
My dear native State, I would send you a greeting,
And drink to the health of the old State of Maine.

Your girls are the fairest, their kisses the sweetest,
No State can compare with the old State of Maine.
With eyes flashing bright, and fresh rose cheeks,
With a wealth of affection and womanly grace,
They will give you a welcome and cordially greet you
When you visit your friends in the old State of Maine.

Those soldiers from Maine—what a record they made!
When covered with glory, and suffering from wounds,
They returned with their flags to the old State of Maine.
It is something to think of, yes, well to be proud of,
That the greatest and best of the sons of our nation
Have found them a home in the old State of Maine.

And when I shall pass from this world to a better,
You may lay me at rest 'neath the oak and the maple,
With the bones of my fathers, in the old State of Maine.

Paterson, N. J. ELI G. JONES, M. D.

Our Story Teller.

For the Maine Farmer.

JIM.

BY CORA BUZZELL MILLAY.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

CHAPTER XV.

JIM'S STRUGGLE.

Mrs. Marsh's fears were realized. Jim did take the disease, and was very sick; so sick that no one thought she would live through the awful hours of agony. The boys were sent for, to be near if the worst should come. They were not allowed to see her for fear that they, too, might take the terrible disease; but Jim knew they were at home, and was comforted by their proximity. Once when Jim's mind was wandering, she spoke of Fred, better in her bosom; and kind Mrs. Marsh, thinking she wished to have it sent, gently took it from its rest over the little laboring heart, enclosed it in a fresh envelope, and sent it on its way. And then unconscious of what it was, turned and tossed on her hot pillow, moaning pitifully in her pain.

And the pitiful little letter went its way to Tom, who looked very anxiously each day for the hastily written, tear-blotted note from Dick, which told him she was still alive, though very ill. When he received the letter addressed in the strange hand, he thought the end must have come, and his heart almost ceased to beat as he took in a short a time, and she knew by the look on Tom's face, which seemed years older, that he had loved her and was suffering keenly.

"Are you going down there?" she asked quickly.

"Yes, if Carl can spare me."

"He *will* spare you of course," said Jack, "you get ready as soon as you can and I will tell mother, and come down and tell Carl. Then I will hurry back and help you."

And Jack hurried away, followed by a "God bless her!" from her brother's trembling lips.

He was so sure that Jim was dead, that he did not think of going to the office for any word from Dick, and he was soon on his way to Maine, missing the letter from Dick which would have told him that Jim was alive and out of danger.

CHAPTER XVI.

"WHERE IS MY LETTER?"

When Jim first opened her eyes to recovery and reason, she looked up to meet the kindly smiling gaze of the kind old doctor, who said:

"So you thought you'd wake up a minute? That's right, too, for we've been very lonesome, I tell you. What? Still sleepy? What a lazy girl! Well, take another little nap, and see if you will feel better then," and soothed up his glance she slept again. When she awoke again, the doctor was gone; but Mrs. Marsh was there by her side, her face fairly radiant in her joy. She smiled brightly at Jim, and said:

"You are nicely now, dear, and will soon be out of this tiresome bed. Your nap has done you lots of good, you look as bright as a new dime."

Jim smiled faintly, then asked quickly: "Where are the boys?"

"They are at home. They are over here two or three times every day to ask how you are getting along."

"They have not been in?"

"No. We thought they might be sick, and we would not allow them to come in, on account of little Fred, you know."

"You were right," answered Jim, wearily, "but I'd like to see them as soon as I can. Did they have a nice time in Newburyport?"

"Yes, until they heard you were sick." Jim made no answer, and the good woman continued:

"Dick said they were all very much disappointed because you did not come."

With that, Jim's mind went to Tom, and wondered if he had been very sorry she did not come. Then she thought of her letter and her hand sought her bosom where she had placed it that night. It was not there, of course, and a startled look crept into her eyes. What if it had been misplaced? Her face grew even whiter than her sickness had left it, and she looked eagerly at the nurse who was quietly knitting close beside her. "Where is my letter?"

Mrs. Marsh started. Her thoughts had been far away, and she looked at Jim a moment, silently, as though trying to bring her mind back to the present, and Jim asked again a little impatiently in her eagerness: "Where is my letter?"

A look of relief dawned in the wide eyes fixed on her, and the knitter smiled indulgently. "La! child! your letter is all right, I sent it long ago."

"What—did—you—say?" gasped Jim, trying to rise in bed and sinking back wearily.

"There, there! don't git so excited child! Your letter is all right, I sent it the other day, and he must 'a' got it before this time."

"You sent it?"

"Why, yes! when you was out of your head you was a fussin' so much about your letter that I thought you wanted it sent, and so I sent it."

"To whom?"

"Why bo ly! why to Mr. Tom Clement, of course, who else?"

Jim lay back on her pillow and moaned in despair. Mrs. Marsh looked at her in anxious surprise: "Are you worse again?" But the girl did not answer her for she had fainted.

Then the knitting fell to the floor with a sharp click of the needles, and the kind woman leaned tenderly over her charge and tried to bring her back to life.

"Queer," she mused, "that she should faint as soon as I told her I had sent her letter. She must have been awful anxious for it to go to be so glad I had sent it."

Musing thus, she worked steadily, and at last grew frightened as the girl showed no sign of life, and felt relieved as she heard the well-known step of the doctor, who came in, glanced quickly in the direction of his patient, started, bit his lip, muttered "U-m-m," and took a chair by the bedside as he asked:

"What's the matter with her now?"

"She fainted."

"Quite a faint, I should say. How was she? better?"

"Yes."

"Did she get excited about anything?"

"Yes, but—"

"But what?"

"She was pleased."

"Yes, she must have been! Had you been talking to her?"

"Yes, but—"

"But, but, but, but! If a woman could ever keep her mouth shut, shut, shut, shut!" and the doctor almost frothed at the mouth in his rage, while the woman looked at him in open-mouthed wonder; at which he blurted out again:

"You can't speak, now, I suppose. You can talk fast enough when there is no need of it, but if any one asks you a question, you stand gaping at one with your mouth open, looking like an animated fly-trap. What have you been telling her?"

"Nothing, only—"

"Nothing *only!* That's it! Stand aside a little while I see what I can do for her. If a woman could ever give a man a straight answer, there would be less profanity in good society. If I were not in the company of ladies, I could swear until daylight. There's always a 'but' or an 'only,' and we must put up with it. What were you talking about?"

"She asked—"

"She asked—"

"Good Lord! I asked you what you were talking about, and—"

"There, now, doctor, keep quiet; that's a good man. You've raved enough. She asked me a question and I answered it, that was all; and she tried to rise up in bed, and fell back, fainting."

"Why couldn't you have said so in the first place?"

"I couldn't get a chance."

"I should say chance! Why, I believe she's coming out of it. Don't let her hear anything more to excite her to-night. She is as weak as a blind kitten."

When the wistful eyes opened, they met a smile from a face as tender as if it were her father's, and the doctor whispered:

"So glad to hear you are better. How do you feel now? A little weak, eh? Oh, well, we can't expect anything else. Now I'll tell you something worth hearing. If you will keep still and get a good night's sleep, and get freshened up a little, you may have company to-morrow."

"Dick and—"

"Just so. Now don't go to getting excited, or I will not let them come. We must have the house cleansed and aired nicely, and in the afternoon you may receive visitors."

"I am so glad! I have thought of them every time I could think, and longed to see them."

"Well, well, don't get excited, now. Is there any one else you would like to see very much?"

"Not as much as I would like to see the boys."

"I suppose not. Um-m! Let me see. Who was the name of that young chap who was here so much last summer?"

Jim thought of that letter and her pale face flushed hotly and quick tears filled her eyes, at sight of which the old doctor said gently:

"There, I will not tease you! But would you like to see him?"

"Why?" gasped Jim, "he is away up in——"

"He is away nowhere! He has been here two days waiting until he could see you, and I told him——well I declare! She's gone again!"

"If you men ain't just the biggest set o' bungle-heads, sartin 'tis I don't know who is," said Mrs. Marsh sagely, as she came to the rescue, brushing past the bewildered M. D. with no small amount of scorn in nose, voice and carriage, "go stand aside and let me see what I can do."

But the doctor had recovered his wits and coolness and was soon master of ceremonies, ordering the indignant woman to "mind his hearty contents; till by their united skill they came very near killing Jim.

But in spite of all their kind endeavors, she opened her eyes at last, and looked at the doctor with a world of misery in her eyes.

He said gently: "You are very weak yet, dear, and the old man put his foot in it with both! Well, well, I can't quite understand all the women, yet."

And Jim was forced to smile at him.

But after he was gone, and the house was still, and the nurse asleep, Jim lay and tried to form some plan for the morrow.

But though many different plans came thronging through her brain, none seemed to suit her, and the all-important question would present itself every moment, "What can he think of me?"

Then she would tremble and hide her face in her pillows and cry while another question, as hard to answer, arose: "What can I say to him?" And it was not until almost morning that she fell into a troubled sleep, from which she awoke feverish and unrefreshed.

Mrs. Marsh looked at her anxiously, and said, slowly: "I am afraid you will not be able to see him to-day."

And for a moment, in her heart, Jim hoped she would not. Then she thought of Dick, and of little Fred and the thought of their disappointment touched her and she smiled and said more brightly than she had spoken before:

"Oh, yes, I shall. I shall be better this afternoon."

And inwardly resolving to see Tom at once and have the painful interview over, she waited for the afternoon.

At last after a great amount of cleansing, airing and dusting, Mrs. Marsh declared the house "sweet as a rush," and in a few moments Dick came softly into the room, followed by little Fred and Tom Clement.

CHAPTER XVII.

"I CANNOT LEAVE THE BOYS."

Dick's brown face grew pale with feeling as he stooped over Jim and kissed her tenderly. Fred looked in dismay at the high bed in which Jim was very far above his reach as she lay boosted upon her pillows. Jim saw the look and smiled at him as she said:

"Climb up on the bed, darling, and put your little arms around sister's neck," and with a glad smile he obeyed.

Then Tom came, white and silent, and took her little white hand from the bed and held it in his as he looked down at her eagerly, and timidly. "I couldn't stay away after—" his voice broke a little as he thought why he had come; but he finished bravely: "I found out how ill you were."

And Jim did not answer him at all, but turned her face from his eager gaze, and hid it in his arm, the proud little bosom, but he was comforted, as she did not withdraw her hand from his. Their call was not very long, for fear of tiring her; but Tom found time to ask in a low tone, as he looked hungrily at the sweet face he had expected to see cold and dead. "Can I see you alone to-morrow?"

And Jim, though her face flushed painfully, answered bravely: "You can stay a few minutes, to-day."

His face flush'ed with pleasure; but she, dreading the ordeal before her, leaned back on her pillows and sighed wearily. Then Dick thought they must go as she was growing tired, and called Fred who left his post very reluctantly, and followed Dick slowly from the room. Dick waited a minute for Tom; but as he did not come, he went on and left him there holding the little hand and trying to muster courage to speak. At last he burst out: "I got your letter!" and then he hated himself for his stupidity as Jim burst into tears. She continued to weep until he was fearful as to the result of such excitement, and tried to hush her gently; but she would not be quieted, and cried until she was so weak she could cry no longer. Then he drew nearer and whispered:

"Do not cry! You will make yourself more ill. I am sorry I spoke of your letter; but what would you have thought of me if I had not mentioned it? I must speak of it, Jim, for it is worth more than all the world to me."

She tried to speak, but could not for her sobs, and he went on eagerly, hurriedly, fearing she might not listen to him: "Jim, if you knew what joy and agony, bitter, relentless agony at the thought that you were gone from us; from the boys and me, when we all needed you so much."

No answer but her sobs.

"Jack was almost heart-broken, too, and I came here on the next train, and, oh! what a journey that was! All the way I was trying to prepare myself to see you and receive no answering look; to call your name and receive no answer from your loved voice; to weep over you and receive no comfort from your dear lips; to kiss you and meet no answering caress. Oh, Jim! darling! my heart was broken! And when we came nearer, every breath of the pure piney woods reminded me of you, and I wept like a child. Wept for my lost love and my broken, ruined life."

She was more quiet, and was looking at him fixedly and sadly, and meeting her eyes, he drew nearer and took both little hands in his, and his voice trembled as he said:

"Can you imagine my joy, my exquisite, mad joy when I met Dick and he told me you were alive and better? O, Jim! Heaven itself will never furnish sweeter music to my ears than those words of Dick's. Jim, I know now that you did not send the letter to me. How did it go?"

"My nurse sent it."

"God bless her!"

Jim shivered, and he seeing it, said:

"Are you so sorry?"

"Yes, more sorry than I can tell you."

"But why?"

"Can you ask?"

"But—"

"Don't try to excuse it. It was a weak, silly idea of mine, and I was half crazy with pain and utter dreary loneliness when I wrote it, and even then I only intended it to reach you after I died."

"I know it, and that I have no right to it; but it is very dear to me, because it told me you cared for me a little. Was that a delusion called up by your loneliness, or did you mean it all? Oh, Jim! would you tell me the same now?"

"No."

"What? Were you mistaken? Must you deny it all? Then I will go; but you are taking all the poetry of living from the sad, tragic farce of life. I wish I had never come down here at all," and, boy-like, he turned away and bowed his head in his hands, and sobbed. Jim could not bear to see his grief, and at last she said, softly:

"Do not feel so terribly. It cannot be so much to you; it cannot wreck your life; you must not let it."

"I cannot help it. I did not mean to love you. I did not know anything about it until it was too late. Of course I am in no position to care for a wife; but—"

"That is not it," broke in Jim, eagerly; "it is not that at all; it is—"

"That you do not love me; is that it?"

"No, not that, but—"

"What did you say? Do you mean that you do care for me after all? Jim, tell me the truth, now, no matter what follows; it will help me, perhaps, to bear what may be before me. Do you love me? As you are kind and womanly, tell me the truth."

There was no answer at all, and he could see her tremble, and his tender heart smote him for forcing himself and his wooing, and said:

"Forgive me; I am tiring you, and I am very selfish. I will go now; good-bye, and I will come again some time to see you, perhaps."

"Do not go until I have answered you. I must answer you sometime, and I can now. You asked me if I loved you, and I must tell you then, as she paused, and he came forward and waited so eagerly that she held out both hands he had dropped a moment before, as she whispered:

"I do."

Then tenderly, almost reverently, he stooped over her and said:

"Thank you, darling. O, God! if you only knew how happy you have made me. I am so happy that I am frightened, almost. You do love me, sweetheart? Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"And you will marry me, say that you will be my wife some day when——"

"Why, Tom, what do you see? Can't you understand why I have held aloof from you? Don't you know that I did not dare to love you because I cannot leave the boys?"

"My darling! Is that all? Why the boys will be old enough to look out for themselves some day."

"It will be a long time before Fred can spare me."

"It will be a longer time before I can spare you. Why, it is as easy as can be! Dick will be getting married some day," (here Tom blushed a little as he thought of his plans in that direction) "and we can take care of Fred. Why, Jim, you know what we were going to do, Jack and I, if you had gone away and left your boys, as we feared you had?—I'm a great baby am I not, but I can't help crying to think of the days we were going to help Dick to some office or position up home, and take little Fred right home to the marmie.

"When he was old enough, Carl and I would take him into the office, or he would do whatever suited him best. Why, all is well all that without you, don't you think we could with you to help us, and give us new zest by our love for you?"

"O, I don't know! Don't tempt me. You cannot know how sweet the idea is to me, of having some one to care for me; but even if we could take care of Fred, it will be a long time before we could, for you could not make a home for any one for a long time to come, Tom, dear."

"I know it all, dear; but love knows no discouragement, sees no obstacles in its path. I will make a home for you, sweet, such a dear, loving little home, if you will only help me along the road by telling me that you will come to it when it is ready."

She was weak and tired, and the tears rolled down her pale cheeks as she listened to the pleading, and tried to still the pleading of her own heart; and when she answered him, her voice trembled pitifully:

"I cannot promise, for you might make the home ready for me, and then I could be there all down here all alone. Don't you see how hopeless it all is?"

"No, I see nothing of the kind, and I don't intend to see anything so absurd. Nothing is hopeless to love, and we have love if nothing else, love; is it not so?"

"Yes, Tom, dear, I will look ahead look darker, because of my love and its hopelessness."

"It is not hopeless, for I will wait for you forever, if need be; but in some way it will all come right. Can you not have a little hope, dear?"

"No, I can find no chance for hope, and you must not make my duty too hard for me. Think of the boys as much as you can you talk so, I can bear it and be very happy and cheerful; but now it seems very hard. But perhaps it is that I do not feel strong enough to bear it."

"But you will see me and will hear me, for I shall come every chance I have, and shall never fail to plead my cause when I see you; and I shall write letters to you, and you will read them, will you not? You will not send them back?"

"No; but don't you see how cruel you are? I am tiring you, and I don't believe I can talk any more now."

"Forgive me! I have been very selfish; but I had so much at stake, and I cannot give you up, and I will not. Now, for our love's sake, tell me I may hope to win you when I can make a home for you."

"I cannot promise, for I will never neglect my charge, and I cannot bind you to years of hopeless waiting. You must be free to do as you will, and perhaps you may find another who will——"

"Nonsense! Now I am going to listen to no such talk. If you will not make me a promise, I cannot help it; but tell me, Jim, that you will write to me, and that I may come for you and Fred, would you come?"

His eager eyes seemed trying to read her very innocent thoughts, and with a little sob, she cried:

"If you knew I would, and be the happiest woman on earth."

"Then listen, dear. If you will make me no vow, listen to mine. I am going home now, for I cannot be spared longer very well; but I am going to make that home, and fit it up for you, and, listen, love, it will stay forever vacant *until you go into it as my wife.* That is all. Now bid me good-bye, dear, and wish me God-speed."

"God bless you!" she faltered, as he bent above her, and stooped and kissed the tears from her eyes.

"You will hear from me as soon as I reach home, for of course you will wish to know that I am there safely; and when you are strong enough, you will answer my letter? You will write to me as a friend, at least?" And as she bowed her head silently, with her eyes again filled with tears, his own eyes grew dim as he stooped suddenly and kissed her full on her grieving, quivering lips.

"That kiss makes you mine. See that you take good care of my little wife that is to be some day. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

"Kiss me once? Just once, if you love me?"

And with both trembling arms about his neck, she kissed him good-bye. She watched him as he walked away, turning once to smile brightly at her, then she sank back on her pillow with a little moan of despair; and when Mrs. Marsh came in, she was again unconscious.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Choice Miscellany.

The Whaler's Life.

Perils and Romance of the Hunt for the Oily Leviathan of the Deep in the Arctic Seas.

The whalemen especially have been the sinews of the American navy. Inured to danger by a calling in which the chances were as desperate as those of battle, they stepped from the whaleboat to the man-of-war simply to face a foe of a different kind. They needed no baptism under fire before they could meet an enemy without flinching, and were respected to their country's call they grimly applied to each hostile ship the old whaling motto, "Dead whale or stove boat." Such was the spirit of the American whaleman, and it still survives, not only among the veterans of the craft, but also among their descendants, though the whaling industry itself has dwindled to insignificance.

The Nantucket boy who ties a fork to his mother's darning cotton and then tries to harpoon the cat, yelling as the latter makes her escape: "Pay out, mother! Pay out! There she sounds through the window!" is certainly worthy of the "boat steerer" who was his sire, then, too, we find in the vernacular of the old whaling ports, even among the younger generations, delightful relics of the whalers' idioms. The railroad train "ties up," a wagon is a "side-wheel craft," and you are requested to "shift to windward" or "leeward" according as the sides need trimming. "Where are you heading for?" is the question invariably asked of you if you are met out walking; you learn that your veteran whaleman neighbor of last summer died in the winter "in a flurry;" the farmer "lands" his produce at your "quarter galleries" (meaning, in this instance, the rear kitchen, but also applied to that modern accessory of feminine attire, the bustle); you are instructed to "douse the glim" on retiring for the night; directed, if you cannot open the post office door, to try turning the knob to "westward," and if the door still refuses to yield, are informed that probably the postmistress "has battened down the hatches" and gone "gamming." To "gam" means to gossip. The word occurs again and again in the log-books of the old whalers. The uninitiated might suppose it signified merely spinning yarns on the fo'castle. But to the old whaleman it has a far deeper meaning. When the whalemen met on the high seas thousands of miles from home, they would lay to, sometimes for hours, captains and crew would exchange visits, letters for and from home be delivered, and the story of the voyage told. That was a "gam." One vessel brought to another the first news from home in two years. Meanwhile, however, a year had elapsed since the vessel last from port left her moorings, and at last a meeting would take place before the homeward-bound crew would sight their native shore. No wonder the young captain, as his home harbor hove in sight, eagerly scanned the crowd upon the wharf through his glass, until it rested perhaps, upon a fair young face full of anxious expectation. Gamming is indeed a relic of one of the most romantic, and perhaps pathetic, phases of the whaler's life. Every vessel that sailed carried messages to relatives and friends thousands of miles away, and every vessel that came to her moorings brought tidings of cheer or sorrow from the distant seas. A wife might have the letter which she had written to her husband two years before, returned to her, because his vessel had not been spoken—and alas! she had not been spoken by any of the vessels that had returned during the year. Time would only deepen the mystery of her husband's fate, and perhaps the wife would never know whether the ship was cast upon one of the islands of the Pacific and the crew massacred by the savage inhabitants, or split upon a sunken reef and engulfed with all hands; and so she would sit weeping in her lonely chamber while her neighbors made merry over the return of a son, father, lover, or husband, and the streets rang with the songs of happy Jack. Whalemen returning home, were liable to find that many changes had taken place during their long voyages. An old whaleman told me that he was obliged to sail on one of his voyages just after his mother's burial, leaving his father bowed down with grief. His vessel was hardly at her moorings three years later, before said father slapped him on the back and said, "Alfred, come up to the house an' I'll introduce you to your mother."

Funny Stories.

Chestnuts of Yore Echoed by Barnum, the Veteran Showman.

A good story or a joke seems to me both a prophylactic and a tonic.

It does not harm the wit of Abraham Lincoln, or of Tom Corwin, or of Chauncey M. Depew, to find that similar things to those they relate were told in medieval times. I dare say they can be traced back to Greece and Rome, for just such things as happen now happened in the old-est centuries.

The stories I offer below have at least this foundation. They are told in my way, and they are not to be found in my magazine article or in my book.

Bridgeport, Conn. P. T. BARNUM.

REV. MR. BARNUM AND THE FLOWERS.

In a small village near Syracuse, in New York, the clergyman of the only church there was taken suddenly ill, and the congregation were anxious in regard to finding a substitute on the following Sunday. At last they remembered that a namesake of mine, the Rev. Mr. Barnum, who had formerly been a popular minister, but was then a thriving farmer, lived a few miles away. They sent a messenger to ask him to preach for them on the occasion. The whilom divine said he had not preached for several years, but to accommodate them he would come over and do so next Sunday. The ladies of the church, wishing to pay him extra attention, and compliment him in such a way as laid in their power, obtained a couple of tall china vases, and filling them with flowers, placed one on each side of the cushion of the pulpit. The farmer minister was unaccustomed to such decorations, and probably scarcely noticed them, as he had plenty of flowers at home. After a hymn had been sung, he rose to make a prayer, and as he said, "Let us pray," he closed his eyes, and, swinging his arms right and left, accidentally knocked the two vases of flowers off the ledge, and they came crashing down some twenty feet upon the floor. The congregation, who had already bowed their heads and closed their eyes, hearing the noise, looked up to discover the cause, while the old clergyman with much surprise looked down upon the shattered vases, and feeling probably that the congregation were thinking of the pecuniary loss of such unusual quarters. As accident, he quietly remarked, "I can pay for them," and proceeded with his prayer.

NEGRO QUOTATIONS.

The colored population of the Southern States, who are mostly ex-slaves or the children of slaves, are a very excitable and enthusiastic people, especially in religion. Years ago comparatively few of their preachers could read, but having had the Scriptures read to them so much they got the New Testament by heart, and some of them are very eloquent. Their sermons and prayers are served to excite their illiterate hearers and sometimes to throw numbers of them into convulsions. One of these colored preachers in a Southern town was celebrated for his quotations of Scripture and the fervent manner in which he delivered his discourse. On one occasion while preaching he said:—"Brethren and sisters, you remember the account of Paul when he was preaching to a great congregation, the house was so crowded that one poor woman fell from the upper gallery a distance of forty feet on the hard floor and was broken into a hundred pieces." He stopped a moment to think of some text that would apply to this sad accident when he exclaimed:—"And they took up of the fragments that remained twelve baskets full!" The effect of this quotation seemed so striking that he tried to cap it with another appropriate one from Holy Writ and he edified his congregation by asking in the sweetest words, "And whose wife shall she be in the resurrection?"

LOT'S WIFE.

A clergyman was called on to go down to a country village a few miles away and preach a sermon. He did so, and took for his text, "Remember Lot's wife." Two years afterward he was called again, the minister being absent, to come down and preach a sermon. He put his hand in the barrel and drew out the first one that came handy, and put it in his pocket, and went down to preach it. As a singular coincidence, it proved to be the same sermon that he preached before. When he rose and read the text, "Remember Lot's wife," a man in the congregation called out, "We haven't forgotten her since you were here before."

A TEMPERANCE SERMON.

A drunken man in Washington was endeavoring to find his way home late at night, but often stumbled and fell. At last he ran against a fence, and holding on to it said, "Begorra, that's a good thing. I can manage now I have got the fence to hold on by." He continued his walk, holding on to the fence until he had got into a great perspiration and the exercise had sobered him; he then found he had been about sixty times around the big monument.

A batter in Bethel about fifty years ago, had a domestic in his employ. One day on going into the village store where several of his neighbors were, he said: "The battling business has been dull for five years. I have lost twenty-five cents on every hat I have made during that time."

"Why don't you quit the business?" he was asked. "How the devil am I going to support my family if I don't do something."

An indifferent singer engaged in singing at a concert had not finished the first verse of his song before he was violently hissed by the audience. "Hiss away," he quietly remarked, "I am used to it."

IRISH STORIES.

An Irishman on his way to church, passing a butcher's shop stole a pig's foot and clapped it in his bosom. He had not been long in the church before the priest said, "None of us know what others have in their breasts."

The thief pulled out the pig's foot and exclaimed, "Be jabers you could not have exposed me more if I had stolen the whole pig."

A lady was singing on the stage of a theatre in Dublin. Her voice was considered to be a very good one, but her knowledge of the art of music was small. An Irishman in the pit called out, "Be jabers, madam, if you were as far out of town as you are out of tune it is a devil of a way you'd be from Dublin at this same moment."

"This," said Mrs. Barrows, "this dress is for my husband's Christmas present."

"For him to give you?"

"No. For me to give him. That is, I wear it, and he gets the pleasure of seeing me in it."

If a man is the noblest of all animals, the faithful dog is little short of an angel.

KILLED A PANTHER. Away to the southwest of Danbury, Conn., some twenty miles, close up on the border line between the States of Connecticut and New York, lying part in one State and part in the other, is as wild and rugged a piece of country as could well exist so near civilization. The land is composed of woods and rocks and swamps.

Bordering upon these woods are small farms. It is these farmers, who come into Danbury to trade, who tell the story of the killing of a huge panther a few days ago.

It is probably as near New York, with one exception, as a panther has been killed in the last fifty years. For two months past it has been killing and devouring sheep and cattle, and even attacking horses and cows which were left out in the fields, growing so bold as to enter barnyards at night.

It was during the latter part of October that the panther first made his appearance. A farmer over on the New York State side missed a calf from his barnyard one night, and the tracks of the wild visitor were plainly traced. The following night another calf was missed, and one of the cows was terribly lacerated.

Nearly every night for a number of weeks the animal was heard from, carrying off a calf in one place and a sheep in another, or mutilating a larger animal somewhere else.

Finally the panther's depredations became so extensive that the farmers banded together to exterminate it, and for a week or two watched and watched. Took up each bands of hunters were out nightly. Their hunt was brought to a successful termination last week by the death of the animal, which was shot while making its way to his lair on the Connecticut side of the line, with a full grown calf.

Two dogs which were with the hunters attacked it first, and one was killed outright and the other so crippled that it had to be shot.

The panther was a big fellow, and weighed between 250 and 300 pounds.

Wit, Humor and Pleasantries.

"What are you going to do?" asked a young man of his friend who was learning to ride a bicycle; "break the record?" "No, I don't think I'll do that," was the reply. "It will be either my neck or my bicycle."

Little Barbara has a brother Max, who is her rival as well. The other day she said to her brother:

"Mother, is Max older than I am?"

Her mother said he was.

"Well," she responded, in a tone of evident displeasure and disappointment, "well, that boy beats me in everything, and he has beated me in bornin', too."

There's a three-year-old New Jersey girl who belongs to an Episcopalian family. The first time she went to church she came home and criticised the music.

"It was very bad," she insisted.

"How do you know?" asked her mother.

"Because all the people said so."

"But they didn't, Kittie," urged the mother.

"Yes, they did, too, mamma. Didn't I hear 'em keep saying, 'Lord, have mercy on us miserable singers?'"

On another occasion she startled the family by announcing that Episcopalians were people who always did what they oughtn't to do, and left undone those things they ought to do.

"I want to pay this bill," he said to the hotel clerk. "But I think you have made a slight error here in my favor. I've been reading over the extras and I cannot find that you have charged anything for telling me that you thought it might rain."

THE LOTTERY OF LOVE. Mrs. Wanamaker—John, have you read the account of Miss Blank's marriage, in this morning's *Times?*

Mr. W.—My dear, I would much rather that you would not read the marriage notices. I think very strongly of having them left out of the papers, anyway!

"Why, John?"

"Because marriage is a lottery!"

Poultry Department.

Make your plans to spend at least one day at Lewiston or Yarmouth studying the poultry on exhibition there. If you are only breeding for the market the time will be well spent in studying the characteristics of the several breeds and comparing one with another. Unless one steps outside frequently and notes carefully what others are doing, there is great danger of the ideal of excellence dropping near to the standard of to-day, and this must never be allowed if the business is to be made lucrative. Constantly strive to emulate one's ambition and insure improvement.

Don't allow the male you are to use as a breeder in February, and later, to run with the hens now. Give him a roomy pen, plenty of work, and muscle forming food. You want virile energy when the matings are made and this will not be found in pampered fowl. Don't allow fat to creep on, but keep the males in working condition. Then there will be no trouble about fertile eggs or puny chickens. The whole season's operations will rest entirely upon the treatment given the breeding stock, males as well as females, from this time until they are mated for the year.

Keep a sharp watch over the flocks, and single out the best shaped hens, and those which have the past year shown the least tendency to sit. You will want a flock very much reduced from, and it will pay you to take eggs indiscriminately from the basket as it comes from the hen house. There will be too many scrubs in the broods if you use only the best, and scrubs are always in the majority. Select a breeding flock, as much alike in form as possible, and when the time comes, add a male bred for generations to produce what you want to produce. Then the up grade is easy, and a steady improvement will be noticed.

A Trying Time.

Now is the trying time with poultry keepers; or at least, the great majority. The hens and pullets are not laying and the danger is that they will not receive the necessary attention. Say what we may about the possibilities of the business, the fact is constantly rising before us that conditions are exacting, that difficulties are in the way and that fresh eggs in December, with the mercury at zero, do not come so freely, and in such numbers, as in the balmy days of June. Just at the time when the demand is greatest the supply is shortest. If it were possible to greatly increase the product in winter, the price would be well maintained because of the value of eggs in times of cooking specially pursued in winter.

As spring approaches and eggs become more abundant, other conditions change and the price is reduced. Every pecuniary consideration points to an increase of the egg product in December and January. Is there any way to change what is now a trying, to a favorable period? Will not cold climate and extreme changes we cannot accomplish all we would desire, yet it is true that we might greatly increase the egg supply to-day. Stop a moment and consider. The average poultry man carries out his generous allowance of cooked food early in the morning and distributes it among his flock, allowing them to gorge themselves. With a full crop there is not the slightest desire to work and the forenoon passes in inactivity, the whole flock crowding together where the sun's rays will fall upon them. In the afternoon corn is liberally fed, and the hens go to the roost long before night. Thus day after day the story is repeated, and still the hens won't lay. Condiments, egg foods, condit on powders and cayenne are resorted to, but not with satisfactory results. The pullets ran with the cockerels while the latter were being fitted for market, and, maturing a little earlier, took on fat more readily, thus not only turning the tendencies into the direction of profit-lay-ing, but also getting into condition where the work of egg building must be carried on at a disadvantage. All these things combine to render this a trying time for the poultry man. Let us see if there is a remedy for existing ills, a way out of present difficulties.

The first step necessary is to make an examination and see whether the hens are fat, or simply in good thrifty condition. If fat, the food given must consist of a larger per cent. of albuminoids leaving nature to call on resources already stored—the fats for the carbon. Take the mixed grain ground, the cooked vegetables and clover, and meat scraps, and make a warm mash to be fed as soon as daylight; of this give a teaspoonful to each fowl. This will warm up the system, be easily digested, and leave the fowl in good condition for a busy day's work. As soon as the chores are finished, scatter a few oats in the straw or rake them into the dry earth over the hen-house, to keep up the work, and outlined all the squares with worsted. It will close now by sending a riddle and a temperance verse:

Brown on black, black on brown,
Brown will turn you upside down.

He's a hard and cruel master,
And he pays in wretched coin,
Of rags and blame, and crime and shame,
Comes every year to join
From all nations, of all ages,
Come to us from north and south and all
In our strike against the wages,
Of old tyrant, Alcohol.

Warren. GRACE M. PAYSON.

A CURIOUS DREAM. A laborer at the Dundee harbor lately told his wife, on awakening, a curious dream which he had during the night. He dreamed that he saw coming toward him, in order, four rats. The first was one very fat, and was followed by two lean rats, the rear rat being blind. The dreamer was greatly perplexed as to what evil might follow, as it has been understood that to dream of rats denotes coming calamity. He appealed to his wife concerning this, but she, poor woman, could not help him. His son, a sharp lad, who heard his father tell the story, volunteered to be the interpreter. "The fat rat," he said, "is the man who keeps the public house, that ye gang till ase often, and the two lean anes are me and my mither, and the blind ane is yersel, father."—*Scotch Paper.*

A Fayette correspondent writes: Our little four-years-old, seeing mud on the horse's blinders said there was "dirt on the horse's glasses." On riding home from school with a teamster, she told her papa he "let her sit on the seat side of him and he was just as clever as a hog," meaning he was good.

A FORTUNE

Inherited by few, is pure blood, free from hereditary taint. Catarrh, consumption, rheumatism, Scrofula, and many other maladies born in the blood, can be effectually eradicated only by the use of powerful alteratives. The standard specific for this purpose—the one best known and approved—is Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the compound, concentrated extract of Honduras sarsaparilla, and other powerful alteratives.

"I consider that I have been

SAVED

several hundred dollars' expense, by using Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and would strongly urge all who are troubled with lameness or rheumatic pains to give it a trial. I am sure it will do them permanent good, as it has done me."—Mrs. Joseph Wood, West Flattsburgh, N. Y.

Dr. J. W. Shields, of Smithville, Tenn., says: "I regard Ayer's Sarsaparilla as the best blood medicine on earth, and know of many wonderful cures effected by its use."

"For many years I was laid up with Scrofula, no treatment being of any benefit. At length I was recommended to give Ayer's Sarsaparilla a trial. I did so, and

By Taking

about a dozen bottles, was restored to perfect health—weighing 230 pounds—and am now a believer in the merits of Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—James Petsy, Mine Boss, Breckenridge Coal Co. (Limited), Victoria, Ky.

"My niece, Sarah A. Losee, was for years afflicted with scrofulous humor in the blood. About 18 months ago she began to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and after taking three bottles was completely cured."—E. Caffall, P. M., Losee, Utah.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

Cures others, will cure you

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In v